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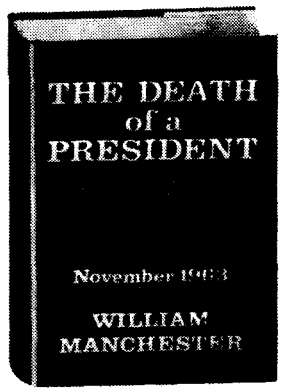

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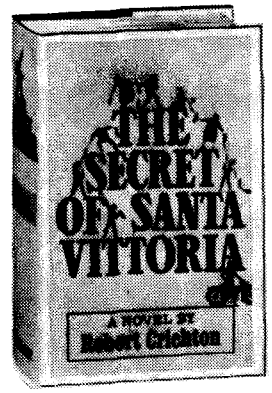

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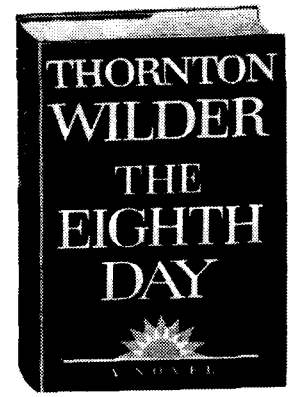

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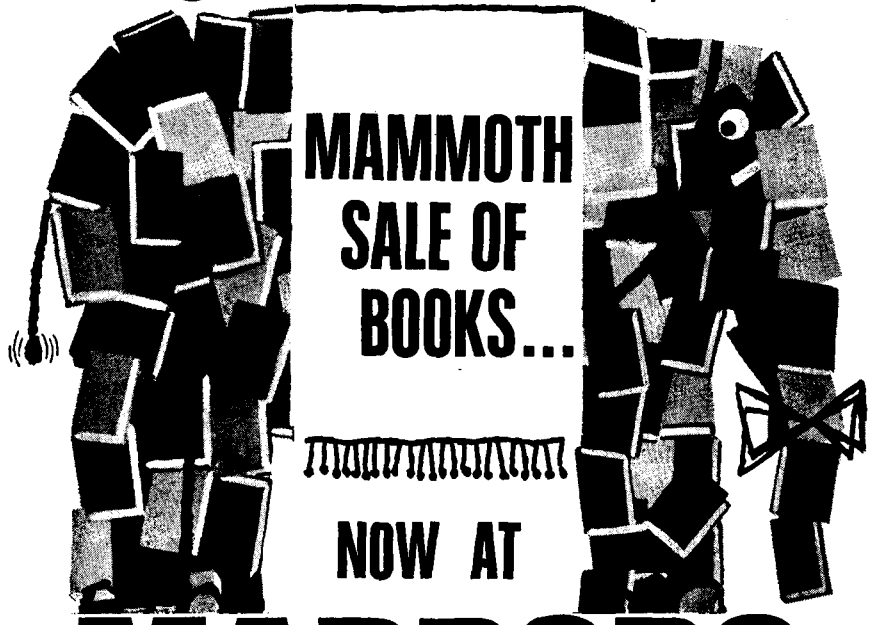

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T.R.B. *from Montreal*

Canada's Expo 67

★ We came back from an Expo 67 preview, pockets crumpled with notes. Daffodils nodding on Potomac – hour and 10 minutes later see ice racing down St. Lawrence; *Montreal Star* complains of "heat wave"; temperature hits torrid 60; snow patches melt in odd corners; trees bare, turf dun, wind grim; question – Will anything be green for Expo opening, April 28?

Montreal speaks French outside Anglo-Saxon enclaves; signs in French/English; hierarchy presence felt everywhere. . . . Change $150 (green) for $161.82 (multi-colored) at bank; guiltily rejoice at gypping a sister nation by eight percent exchange differential.

Outside hotel make first purchase: suddenly discover whopping eight percent sales tax, federal and provincial; angered by gypping by canny Quebecois; jumped tax for benefit of visitors; lose sense of guilt; should be able to retire Canadian debt at this rate with 45 million expected here.

Cost of living rose 6.8 points since 1965; prices higher than home, return minus bargains. (Tip to tourists: there's a small duty-free luxury shop at airport . . . no liquor sales on Sundays.)

Love fairs! On Expo ground it's frantic: fortnight to go; can they make it? Like opening NY show. There's general dottiness about fairs, like church bazaars. This one complicated by climate. Must get ice out of ground to lay sod; acres of it ready; trees planted; burlap overcoats; look shivery; man says they expect 90 percent survived winter.

Everything frenetic, working nights, Sundays: progress as you watch, men painting, gilding, hammering, ripping storm cellophane off entrances; go inside pavilion and hedge planted when you come out – but will God turn it green? – He works nights, Sundays, too, fortunately.

Must teach dolphins at aquarium to jump higher for fish; must teach pretty girl guides to speak English and where toilets are; must bed down converging nationals of 62 foreign pavilions (only 13 at NY World's Fair), must fly in first ton of caviar for three restaurants at monster Russian exhibit.

Nations compete at fairs like teams at Olympics; usually damages international relations; USA and USSR pavilions thumb noses at each other across narrow Le Moyne channel; Soviet building has curved roof like gentle ski-jump – their show to cost $17 million; USA a Buckminster Fuller 20-story soap-bubble, geodistic dome; investment, $9.3 million.

Dome not so bad as you might expect; external frame of pipes looks like spiny cactus outside; inside rather graceful, lacy under transparent acrylic skin. . . . Nobody knows how Expo shows will "take" till opening night; Russia emphasizing space craft, Bolshoi Opera, borsch, blini and caviar; US countering with space craft, Carol Channing's *Hello, Dolly* and pop art; entrance dominated by mural eagle, 60-feet wingtip-wingtip, covered with shimmering gilt glitter-discs. US taking big risk by some light-hearted exhibits that kid itself: five minutes of famous love scenes from corny old movies, also Hollywood "spectaculars" like Ben Hur chariot race. Fear serious-minded DARs won't approve.

Man's Habitat

★ The US Information Agency (which runs show) thinks it has a winner in special Expo film, "Games," children at play, universal appeal, lyrical tone poem. Didn't see it. Only hope it's as good as that Johnson Floor Wax movie at NY Fair – still laugh when I think of that blown-up caterpillar, looking like Queen Victoria, proudly guiding 1,000 moving feet across three full-size screens. . . .

Theme of this show, "Man & His World"; get awfully tired of themes: "Man the Creator," "Man the Provider." . . . Asked driver what Alexander Calder's gigantic nickel-steel, two-headed abstraction in center plaza meant? "Just a sculpture," he said cautiously; terribly high toned; opaque as a poem published in *The New Yorker* magazine; think it may be, "Man, the Philanderer."

Sensation of show is Habitat. . . . Love Habitat. . . . Can't describe it; bunch of habitable, precast cement blocks, 12 stories high, scattered on top of each other for four city blocks, looks like New Mexico cliff dwellings: pueblos with plumbing. . . . Suites provide one, two, or three blocks, some two story. . . . Whole rooms precast on ground, then lifted up by crane and set down apparently helter-skelter by architect who has lost plans and says, "What the hell!" Actually fitted in with half-inch tolerances. . . . Holes between some like holes in Swiss cheese; seems gay, airy, careless. Some stick out like projection booths in theatre; outstretched lip of house under you forms railed garden spot for your home . . . congeries roughly pyramidal, each block 80 tons; no roaches in kitchens or bathrooms: precast seamless fibreglass. Theory is to provide privacy and recreation in high density urban areas. Success? Don't know. Honeycomb has elevators, plaza and patios; one mould can produce 40,000 units as easily as 354 made. Whole thing dreamed up by Moshe Safdie, an Israeli trained at McGill – only 29. Hate boy wonders. Love Habitat.

Architects go crazy at world fairs. One white-roofed many-turreted structure, Spirit of Man or something, already has local name: bat struggling under bed sheet. . . .

Best show in city is Montreal Metro; best subway in world, runs on rubber tires on cement tracks, no smell, no sway, little vibration, hardly any noise. Twenty-six stations, low-glaze, mosaic, neon-lit bathroom decor; about 16 miles; should make middle-size US cities ashamed – unhurried, uncrowded, quick-silver travel, flowing between French CinZano ads; revitalizing suburbs; 75 degrees F below ground and minus 40 above. Loudspeaker tells you it's end of line in French; as afterthought, "Everybody out, please." TRB finally *sortied* at Henri-Bourassa to *buvez* Coca-Cola. . . . Well, Happy Expo; happy sales tax!

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Conscience and the War

A Marine stationed in Illinois twice requests a discharge. Rejected. He says he is a conscientious objector, though not in the doctrinal terms acceptable to the courts. His case is now before a US District Court. A captain at the Air Force Academy in Colorado has asked to be relieved of his duties. Last week, the American Civil Liberties Union filed suit to enjoin the military from ordering this officer to report to a Vietnam training unit and from disciplining him for refusing to report. The captain has submitted to his superiors a six-page, single-space defense: "Apart from the moral and ethical issues, [this] is a stupid war and pernicious to the self-interest of the United States." He is not a pacifist, believing "there are times when it is right and necessary that a nation or community of nations employ force to deter or repel totalitarian aggression." But, he says, "we must not confuse dissent with disloyalty and we must recognize that consensus is no substitute for conscience." A group of students in Bloomington, Indiana, is circulating a copy of a letter, calling for revamping the draft structure so as to make it possible for Vietnam resisters to work in other, civilian, capacities. Throughout the country, one hears of young men who "would rather go to jail" than to Vietnam.

These protests are not from malingerers. They come from young people who are neither lazy nor cowardly nor unconcerned. They arise because the United States is, perhaps for the first time since the Mexican war, in a conflict which deeply divides the nation. Some have gone to prison; others will follow.

What is to be done? As a start, it should be understood that the present system by which men are selected for service is unjust and will continue to be so. Less than a majority of young men are called, and, of those, less than a majority serve. The President, in his recommendation on draft law reform, proposes selection by lottery – itself arbitrary. The lucky win out, the unlucky in. Mr. Johnson likewise accepts the built-in inequity under which, today, two sorts of exemptions are permitted – one at the upper level (college students) and one at the bottom (the uneducated or medically unfit). Many thousands fail preinduction examinations, either because they cannot pass the mental tests or are medically unacceptable. In 1965, for example, in the whole of the country only 56 percent of those examined were found qualified for military service. In the state of Massachusetts 35.1 percent of those examined were deemed medically unfit to serve, 27.7 percent in California, 29.8 percent in Idaho, 28

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ercent in Nevada and 31.2 percent in Oregon. The mental test results are equally shocking, especially in the South; 20.1 percent of the draftees from Alabama could not pass the test, 27.6 percent from Georgia, 24.3 percent from Mississippi, 33.7 percent from South Carolina, and 20.4 percent from Louisiana.

The point is: Selective Service now or as reformed *is* selective. The question raised by the two dissenting servicemen and many others is not whether some serve and some don't, but whether those who are found qualified, and who are drafted, should have no option other than duty in the armed forces. This is not a question whether a government can be denied the right to call to arms a sufficient body of troops to carry out its policies. Without the effective exercise of that right, there can be no government. Except in those cases when there is an absolute commitment to pacifism, the claim to exemption from military service is essentially a political claim. The person making it may be honorable, sensitive and sincere – or not. But the claim cannot be binding on the society. The decision to participate in a war (or to pay taxes) is always the individual's, but the individual cannot decide society's response or its duty. No community could long maintain itself which allowed each person to say for himself, and on political grounds, which law he will obey and which he will not.

But what of the two servicemen referred to earlier, and of the thousands of young people who share their views? What is a realistic response to them? Jail? Disgrace? There is surely a better answer than that. The tension created by radical dissent, sometimes civil disobedience, is healthy and regenerative. The President's Advisory Commission on Selective Service recognizes this, but then fails to come to terms with it, holding that "political opposition to a particular war should be expressed through recognized democratic processes and should claim no special right of exemption from democratic decisions." That, as we implied earlier, is sound in theory; no man is a law unto himself. But why force the confrontation between the legitimate claims of community and of conscience to extremes? The needs of the military – at least so far, in this war, are not all-consuming. It would be reasonable to enlarge the draft pool (thus making sure there are enough able and willing servicemen), while still permitting those called up some choice of approved social duty, with public or private agencies. The choice might allow, for example, three years of work with children in the ghettos, or in hospitals, or with the Peace Corps (all of them arduous) as against a lesser period of military service (possibly at higher pay). So might conscience and the national welfare be served without threatening communal order, military requirements, or the convictions of our selective pacifists.

Signs of the Times

A spring ode to the Highway Beautification Act could start

I think that I shall never see
A single billboard felled by thee.

President Johnson signed the legislation on October 22, 1965. Unless extended, the Act expires this June 30. There has been a census of billboards. Every state has held public hearings on them. But no billboards have been taken down because nobody can decide which should go, or from where. The Bureau of Public Roads produced not one but two sets of standards to apply to advertising signs along the nation's highways. The Department of Commerce issued a third set, January 10, because the BPR's proposals were assailed by the advertising industry for going too far, and by beautification groups for not going far enough. Commerce sought a happy medium, landed instead on its bureaucratic rump in a sticky pool of gobbledy-gookery, whereafter the task passed to the new Department of Transportation.

Commerce estimated the cost of removing approximately one million signs, and compensating their owners as provided in the Act, as $558,610,000. Also, screening or relocating 17,500 junkyards would cost $121,518,000, and landscaping and other scenic facelifting along the roads another $1 or $2 billion. So, on January 30, Mr. Johnson suggested Congress create a special "Highway Safety and Beauty Trust Fund," by laying by 2 percent of the excise tax on cars. Congress seems sour toward the Administration's draft bill. The wrangle over which billboards to outlaw is still going on. And states that have legislated for removal of billboards without compensation are unwilling to pay 25 percent of the removal and compensation costs, as the 1965 Act demands. But, if they don't, the advertising signs don't come down and those states may forfeit 10 percent of their federal aid for highways. Federal Highway Administrator Bridwell accused the outdoor advertising industry of "a concentrated lobby effort to have the Act thrown down the drain." It could expire with nothing done about billboards.

Slum Kids' Hope

The Teacher Corps has been lavishly praised by such disparate personalities as Mayor John Lindsay, William Randolph Hearst III and the superintendent of the Gentry, Ark., public schools who calls it "one of the very best of all the new programs in education." If popular acclaim and local acceptance were the measure of its congressional prospects, the Corps would be a

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shoo-in. Yet it is fighting for its life in the 90th Congress, which supports those in the educational establishment who howl "federal control." The educational establishment out in the field isn't howling. Out where the Teacher Corps operates, they like it. The National Education Association likes it. So what's the trouble?

It begins with the Defense budget. George Mahon, chairman of the House Appropriations Committee, knows he has to hand out $72 billion for Vietnam and is looking for domestic programs he can trim. Easiest to trim are programs that lack broad congressional support because they put federal dollars into a limited number of congressional districts. Congressmen whose districts include Teacher Corps programs receive volumes of mail urging its support, but fewer than 25 percent of congressional districts have Teacher Corps projects. One Administration official says, "There is a predisposition to hit LBJ in the groin and the Teacher Corps (which the President rammed down Congress' gullet in 1965) seems like a good way to do it."

The Republican leadership in the House has promised not to make the Corps a partisan issue. But influential representatives like Albert Quie of Minnesota and Charles Goodell of New York say the concept of a "special elite" or "select corps" troubles them. Edith Green, an ex-teacher and chairman of the higher education subcommittee, worries that the Teacher Corps is competing with regular teacher training. She argues that "the Teacher Corps is only a drop in the bucket," that there is a hole in the bottom of the bucket, and it is leaking faster than it is being filled. Consequently, she favors massive general aid – though all experience indicates that general aid, given present fund limitations, would only reinforce existing inequities in the middle-class oriented American public school system, and do nothing to remedy the desperate shortage of teachers in slum schools.

It is an unpleasant fact that over a fifth of the nation's school children attend schools that – because of rural isolation and inaccessibility, or ghetto-bred despair – cannot attract or hold well-qualified teachers. These schools are often the last resort of teachers unemployable elsewhere, or for the untrained, middle-aged housewife who thinks she "might like to try teaching." A quick check of staff rolls at such schools shows an astonishingly high percentage of teaching slots filled by people who are not certified, have no prior educational training, and no experience in working with slum children. Often, principals can't even get *them;* Philadelphia has 11 percent staff vacancies, in slum schools the vacancy rate is almost twice as high – 20 percent. When a temporary teacher works up the seniority ladder, she commonly requests an immediate transfer to a nice suburban school. In San Diego, Superintendent Daillard issued a special call for experienced teachers to serve in the slum schools. When he added up the resulting requests for transfers he found five times as many asking "out" as volunteered to go in.

Money doesn't seem to be the answer. Private schools with the lowest pay scales in the profession always have more applicants than jobs. Salaries in inner-city schools are often higher than in suburban schools. One major city system (Boston) even offered special "combat pay" – a $1,200 a year bonus – for teachers who would take on the tough job of trying to reach and teach core-city kids. Teachers rejected the offer.

The Teacher Corps is the innovative federal answer to this problem. It proposes to exploit the youthful dedication that has made programs like the Peace Corps and VISTA so successful, and to apply their élan and esprit to the nation's most dismal classrooms. As HEW Secretary John Gardner said, ". . . I am a great believer in the idea of a Corps, in the idea that young people who want to serve their country can enlist for a couple of years of hard service."

Paradoxically, the drawing power of this national-service concept has become one of the central issues in the Teacher Corps debate. Experienced Congress-watchers tend to agree that national recruitment is the key to the program's future. Teacher Corps supporters are divided on their willingness to compromise on this issue. Congressman James Scheuer of New York says, "Political expediency is one thing and I know how to compromise, but if it cuts the heart out of the program, you have to make the tough decision – is the program worth having with its guts gone."

By any budgetary standard the Teacher Corps program is piddling. The work-study teacher training program began this year with 50 universities as training institutions, and 111 school systems hosting teams of three to ten interns and a team leader. Interns are service-oriented college graduates (preferably not education majors), who are force-fed professional education skills in a super-condensed summer program, then are sped into immediate internship in the schools which successfully bid for their services. They work an average of four days a week in their assigned schools; spend one day a week on campus, taking graduate education and sociologically oriented course work which will earn them a Master's degree in two years.

The training of 1,229 Teacher Corpsmen cost the federal government a total of $9.5 million in fiscal 1966. After gasping for breath for four months into fiscal 1967, a congressional conference committee restored the $7.5 million that the House had cut out. This enabled the Corps to function through the current school year. This sum does not allow any new recruitment, nor does it support interns past this June 30.

Currently before Congress is a supplemental appro-

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priation request of $12.5 million, which would allow present Corpsmen to finish one complete year of service, and would pay for summer training for a new group of 2,500 recruits. Also up for congressional consideration is a request for new authorization of $36 million which will put all 3,600 Teacher Corpsmen in the nation's neediest classrooms during the 1967-68 school year. The new dollars would cover in-service training as well as provide salaries for team leaders and stipends for interns, and would start another fresh group of interns training in the summer of 1968, bringing the total number of Corpsmen to 5,500 when the 1968 school year begins – a number that a recent NEA survey indicates will hardly meet the present requests for Corpsmen from schools around the nation.

Legislatively, the Teacher Corps has been called a "plumber's nightmare" and it promises to get even worse if federal authority is split between the Bureau of Higher Education and the Bureau of Elementary and Secondary Education as the current disposition of the House requires. However, optimists hope the Senate will put the Teacher Corps back together again. Other changes proposed by the Administration will probably stick. For instance, interns, who during the first year were paid at the salary level of the beginning teacher in the district in which they worked will next year be paid a stipend corresponding to that of Federal Graduate Fellowships – $75 a week plus $15 a week per dependent or the lowest salary scale, whichever is less. Other Administration proposals this year stress the hiring, firing, and reassignment authority of the local school systems – formalization on paper of what has been Teacher Corps practice all along.

The Teacher Corps is not *a* program, but a series of local programs, says its director, Richard Graham, aged 46 and a former Peace Corps project director in Tunisia. Graham concedes that the Corps therefore has problems. In Chicago the program has suffered from lack of vigorous local direction; but in Los Angeles County it is a teacher-training model. In Boston a cynical school administration has rendered the program ineffectual, but in the remote mountains of western North Carolina, it has been outstanding.

Mrs. Johnson visited North Carolina last month, to see how the Corps was doing and to draw attention to its achievement. Canada Township's school principal told her that without the Teachers Corps, "Our education program will be set back 10 or 15 years."

Each day the Corps' future remains in doubt, planning becomes more difficult. Universities that want to commit faculty for summer training programs; school districts trying to plan staff assignments for next year; interns unsure of their future: all await the will of Congress.

Caryl Ferber & Steve Saler

Behind the Scenes At Long Island U

New York

About a month ago, R. Gordon Hoxie, Chancellor of Long Island University, fired William M. Birenbaum, the provost of the university's Brooklyn Center. The students and most of the faculty immediately rallied to Birenbaum's side, and threw picket lines around the campus causing classes to be shut down. They are demanding that Birenbaum be reinstated and that Hoxie be sacked. But this is unlikely. Last week Hoxie said William T. Lai, the director of athletics, would act as an interim provost of the Brooklyn Center.

In part, this dispute involves a difference in educational philosophy. Hoxie, a professional educator, is proud of having had a hand in building up LIU from a small school with 1,800 students a decade ago to what is now one of the largest universities in the country. LIU has 18,000 students on three different campuses and plans to build law schools, MIT-like complexes, oceanographic institutes and so on, until it is in fact a gigantic multiversity.

For his part, Birenbaum, who came to the Brooklyn Center two years ago from the New School for Social Research in Manhattan, is more interested in developing a university that meets the needs of its community. He has worked hard to involve the Brooklyn Center with the adjacent Fort Greene slums. He wants to improve academic standards; perhaps most important, reduce tuition from the present $1,580 a year – not raise it to $1,676, as Hoxie has ordered for next year.

The question of tuition is a key issue. I was told by officials at the Brooklyn Center that a few months ago a small group of people representing the administration of that campus met privately with Mrs. Mary M. Lai, the treasurer of the university. She told them that the Brooklyn Center showed a surplus of about $1 million a year for each of the past three years. When Birenbaum asked that the surplus be used to hold down the tuition, Mrs. Lai replied that was impossible because the excess funds were only a "paper surplus."

This led to charges by the Brooklyn students and faculty that the money meant for their campus had, in fact, been siphoned off to finance other university projects, some known and some unknown. And this, in turn, led to charges by the student leaders that the trustees of the university were involved in conflicts of interests. These were vague accusations, but nonetheless the sort of charges that are heard increasingly on other college campuses, and so I made an effort to look into this aspect of the LIU matter.

Unlike the large, diversified corporations which in

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some ways they resemble, many universities are not required to publish any sort of annual financial report. This is an irony, since they are tax-exempt, often heavily supported by federal funds, yet totally unaccountable to anyone. Some educational institutions do publish reports anyhow, but LIU does not. This makes it difficult to follow its precise business dealings.

The Board of Trustees is self-perpetuating, and there are 23 members, three of whom are said to wield the power. William Zeckendorf Sr., the real estate man, is chairman of the board and his son William Zeckendorf Jr., also is a trustee. Zeckendorf came on the board in 1942 when the university was in deep financial trouble and helped it along with both advice and money. The Brooklyn campus is named after him, and even those in the faculty and among the administration who are critical of the trustees, are fond of Zeckendorf and credit him with helping the university make a go of it.

The vice chairman and secretary of the board is John P. McGrath, an old-line Democrat who was corporation counsel under Mayor William O'Dwyer in the late 1940s. McGrath became a trustee in the middle 1940s; he now is chairman of East New York Savings Bank and involved with developing real estate. According to Hoxie, McGrath's bank has been generous in lending the university money and holding mortgages on its properties at reduced rates. McGrath's brother, Francis, is assistant secretary to the board of trustees, but he doesn't have a vote. He also is the university's counsel and gets a retainer of about $10,000 a year for the job. In recent years a number of other old-line Democrats have attached themselves to LIU. Former New York Mayor Robert Wagner is on the executive council of Southampton College, LIU's branch at the far end of the island. Hoxie recently appointed Edward Cavanagh, Wagner's brother-in-law and former New York Fire Commissioner, to be chairman of the Development Council for the C. W. Post College. (This is the campus in the middle of the island.) James J. Wilson, who was an education consultant to Wagner when he was mayor, now is the university's director of development.

Paul R. Screvane, the former deputy mayor in Wagner's time, is vice president of MacCleans Service Co. Inc., the company that the university hires to clean up on the three campuses. MacCleans got the contract at the Brooklyn Center a couple of years ago, and it is substantial, amounting to $180,000 a year for that center alone. A number of professors and officials told me that MacCleans does a poor job; but when they approached the central university administration in hopes of getting rid of the cleaners, they were told to drop the issue. The Brooklyn Center officials encouraged several smaller companies to bid on the cleaning contract. One of the companies was prepared to beat MacCleans' price, but then backed out of the bidding because the unions told them MacCleans had the job and to keep away.

In addition to Zeckendorf Sr. and John McGrath, the other major figure on the board of trustees is said to be Arthur T. Roth, a Republican and chairman of the Franklin National Bank. Roth did much to build up banking on Long Island, and the Franklin National is an enormous enterprise. Roth has done business with Zeckendorf, and was a director of Webb & Knapp when Zeckendorf ran it. Webb & Knapp owed Franklin National $1,382,000 when it went into bankruptcy in 1965. (Another LIU trustee, General James Van Fleet, also was a director of Webb & Knapp during Zeckendorf's reign.)

Hoxie says that Franklin National has loaned the university money from time to time and helped out with mortgages, all on very advantageous terms to LIU. Hoxie maintains that the university does business with banks other than those run by university trustees. My informants, however, said that the university's main account was shifted from the Chemical Bank New York Trust Co. to Franklin National about two and one-half years ago, shortly after Hoxie was made chancellor. This is an important piece of business, since LIU has a $30-million annual budget.

LIU's three campuses are patrolled by men from the Burns Detective Agency, and this is another large contract. At the Brooklyn Center alone it runs to $120,000 a year. I was told that at various times the provosts of both C. W. Post campus and the Brooklyn Center had sought either to replace Burns with another service, or, failing that, to have the service overhauled and improved. Each time the central administration was approached, the word was to forget it. This seemed odd, until someone suggested that there might be some hesitancy within the university administration to drop Burns, because Chancellor Hoxie's brother was an official of the detective company. I asked Hoxie about this and he assured me there was no conflict of interest on account of his brother, who is manager of Burns' St. Louis office. Hoxie said the contract went to the lowest bidder and that the university had taken pains to encourage Pinkerton's to bid as well as Burns.

The professors and administration officials at the Brooklyn Center will not talk openly about these events; they are fearful of losing their jobs. But they argue that it is wrong for an enormous university like LIU to have a board of trustees which is self-perpetuating and thus responsible only to itself. And they say it is wrong for trustees to be doing business with the university whose interests they are supposed to represent.

James Ridgeway

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Israel's Will to Survive

Middle East Challenge And Response

Tel Aviv

When Israeli forces hit Jordan last November, in retaliation for sabotage, there was a clamor of indignation around the world. Why Jordan? Why not Syria? Only a few days earlier, important Israelis were saying that "we have no quarrel with Jordan, we know all the saboteurs come from Syria." However, what had undoubtedly been a grave mistake proves to have some beneficial results. By his response to the Israeli attack, King Hussein emerged stronger than ever. The energy which he mustered in putting down riots at home seems to have convinced his enemies, and they are plentiful in the Arab world, that Hussein would defend his throne to the end, and that his mostly Bedouin army is loyal. Israel's "mad retaliation" also scored some points in Cairo, Moscow and even Damascus.

President Nasser redoubled his efforts to convince the Syrian rulers that continued sabotage actions against Israel would force an all-out Israeli attack. All reports from Israel supported the view that next time the retaliation would be full-scale, aimed not only at destroying a Syrian fortification on the border, but at finishing the Syrian officers. Under these circumstances, Nasser warned, if the Syrians did not reduce the scale of their terrorist activities, they would invite a disastrous blow; and involved as he is in Yemen, Nasser would be unable to come to their rescue.

Similar warnings seem to have been addressed to Damascus by Moscow. When an extreme leftist government, in which there is one communist, came to power in Syria early in 1966, the USSR had no choice but to back it, aware though the Russians were that Syrian regimes aren't known for their longevity. But support for Damascus imposed quite a few onerous obligations on Moscow: it had to take a tough "cold war" line against Israel, against "Arab reactionaries" and against "western imperialists." In private, Soviet diplomats, however, were urging the Syrians to restrain themselves. The prospects in the Middle East seemed grim, for if Israel's hand were forced, all Soviet threats would be exposed as bluff. After all, the American sixth fleet which cruises the Mediterranean is there to prevent Soviet intervention, no matter what its pretext.

Power in Syria always rests with a group of officers whose mutual allegiance is temporary, and who bargain with rival groups. An irregular war against Israel is a "must." And yet the prospect of a major brawl, forecast by every source, must have had a cooling-off effect. Fewer mines were planted by terrorists coming from Syria to Israel; the terrorists have been far less bold than they were before last November. True, the Syrians continue to threaten the destruction of Israel – tomorrow. But not today.

There are Israelis of more than average intelligence who believe that the decisive struggles of the future between Arabs and Israelis will not be military, and that Gamal Nasser knows it. The struggle will be decided, they believe, in the economic, technological, scientific fields, which is why the present economic recession in Israel so alarms them.

The magnitude and the suddenness of this recession are striking. Two years ago, Israel had a serious shortage of manpower. Bricklayers were being imported. Almost half the crews on Israeli ships consisted of foreign sailors. Today, the country has about 100,000 unemployed, over 18 percent of the total labor force.

What has happened? The preceding boom was the result of rather indiscriminate government spending and investment. Money was ample: German reparations and individual restitutions, vast amounts mobilized throughout the entire world, and especially from the US. The ruling bureaucrats (and Israel is among the most bureaucratic countries in the world) were in the habit of traveling to the United States, to Western Europe and to most of the other developed countries. They wanted Israel to have almost everything they had seen and liked: cars, car factories, steel mills, huge textile mills, luxury liners, luxury hotels. When the day of reckoning came, it was found that almost all these new factories, new mines, new ships, new enterprises (and a lot of the old ones as well) had been working at a loss, and that almost all economic activities in the state had to be subsidized by the government. This, plus the drying up of previous sources of foreign funds, forced the government to revert to a policy of economic restraint.

But in a country ruled by a multiparty coalition such restraint is hard to enforce. Each party of the coalition, as well as of the opposition, is interested first of all in defending the privileges of the special groups it represents. Each party favors a new economic policy, except when the interests of its constituents are affected. It is a situation that makes possible the closing down of some factories because they are operating at a loss, while at the same time workers still employed are demanding and often getting higher wages.

Israel needs a spirit of self-sacrifice and maximum social discipline. The question is: who will be able to impose it? The most bitter critics of the Eshkol regime charge that the government cannot do it, and that

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therefore any reform requires a change in rulers. Others say this approach is "nihilistic," and that under the Israeli system where a government needs a majority in parliament, and parliamentary elections occur only once every four years, nothing can change until 1969 – so there's no use talking about it.

Israel's situation, it seems to me, is neither as good as it seems during "boom" periods, nor as bad as it seems now during a depression. This is still an experimental state, it still has an artificial economy, it has gone through many crises, and many more lie ahead. One can forecast that the present economic slump will soon give way to a policy of expansion, not much attention being paid to who will foot the bill, or when. The present economic crisis may cost Israel another 1,000 doctors, engineers or scientists who will leave for the United States; however, an economic crisis poses no real threat to the existence of the country. For the Israeli will to survive is still fierce.

Philip Ben

Daffodils, Unite!

by Rand Rosenblatt & Daniel Schechter

". . . Cram them full of non-combustible data, chock them so damned full of 'facts' they feel stuffed . . . 'brilliant' with information. Then they'll feel they're thinking, they'll get a sense of motion without moving. . . . We depend on you. I don't think you realize how important you are, to our happy world as it stands now."

– Ray Bradbury, Fahrenheit 451

On Friday, March 17, 3,000 students marched through the City of London and the West End, demonstrating national support for the "rebels of the London School of Economics." For Britain's universities, sharply divided by tradition and the "tracking" system, it was a rare moment of unity: students from Leeds, Manchester, Regent St. Polytechnic, and Cambridge (among others) carried banners and wore a new symbol of protest: yellow daffodils. The *London Times* called the demonstrations "unprecedented in British university history." The march was inspired by the round-the-clock sit-in at the LSE which began on Monday, March 13. For 10 days between 200 and 800 students occupied LSE's main entrance hall, unfurling a banner reading "Beware the Pedagogic Gerontocracy."

It has taken acts of peculiar genius over the last five months by Sir Sydney Caine, outgoing director of the LSE, and his allies to bring the unquestioned authority of the university administration into a state of siege. They have shown contempt for the student's position in the university, or at best, disbelief that worthwhile changes could take place outside ponderous bureaucratic channels. Thus last fall, when students wanted to ask director-designate Walter Adams some well-founded questions about his administration of University College, Rhodesia, the LSE authorities stuck to the letter of their regulations. The students had no "constitutional capacity" to raise doubts about the next director, and their questions were dismissed as a "vicious character attack."

In the second term, the administration intensified its opposition to student initiative. The president of the Graduate Students' Association, Marshall Bloom (an American), helped organize a meeting held January 31 to discuss opposition to the new director. Sir Sydney reacted to the discussion as if it were a conspiracy to overthrow a university appointment; he banned the meeting an hour before it was scheduled to take place. Four-hundred students gathered outside the "banned room"; in the tension and confusion which followed, one of the LSE's elderly porters suffered a heart attack and died. Six student officers, including David Adelstein (president of the Students' Union) and Marshall Bloom, were summoned before a disciplinary board to face charges of convening the meeting in defiance of the director's order. The four lesser officers were acquitted, but Adelstein and Bloom were suspended for the remainder of the academic year.

The verdicts defined the situation sharply: at LSE power was monopolized by a small group and delegated to the director, who was unaccountable in practice to anyone. Six weeks of legal defense at the disciplinary hearings, quiet negotiations by moderate students and professors, and carefully restrained public protest had made no impression. Not eagerness, but monumental frustration led the former president of

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the Conservative Society to speak for almost all the students by proposing a sit-in and boycott "until the suspensions are rescinded."

The issues of the sit-in went far beyond the original opposition to Dr. Adams. The students were protesting the infringement of their right to speak, their subservient position within the university, the lack of communication with the university authorities. In the third day of demonstrations, with 104 students now suspended, the director ventured to address a packed union meeting; he was asked, "as a human being, as a man," to make some gesture of goodwill to help end the disruption of the LSE. He stood before the students, white-faced and tight-lipped, and shook his head.

To have visited the LSE during the long nights of its occupation was to be impressed by the earnestness of the students, their sense of drama, and their honest humor. (The conflict may resume when the university reopens on April 26 for the third term.) As Harry Kidd, the embattled LSE secretary, told newsmen: "Democracy is almost a disease in the School." But the students had a different experience. Thus while the director refused to consider student proposals on the grounds that nothing could be decided without reference to several committees, his assistants suspended 100 students en masse, without a hearing or an appeal, and then used the suspensions as bargaining counters against the demonstrators.

The sit-ins were more than a demand for student participation; they were a crude exercise of student power. The demonstrators sat in de facto control of the LSE; an administrator, initiating a new "routine," rang up to see if a scheduled Oxfam lecture would be permitted to go on. Of course it was. But students sitting in the main hall murmured that this was not what they really wanted: to command by force and coercion. If anything they saw their actions as designed to end the climate of coercion and intimidation. In short, a more democratic and free university.

And this is precisely what the authorities feared. Students were raising the question of who decides – and who should decide – and that question, powerful in its implications for the LSE's future. The question was skirted with wild charges of outside agitators, of "Berkeley-trained provos" skillfully manipulating the minds of some of Britain's finest students. These charges only exacerbated the conflict.

Many in Britain were surprised at this response by a university with a liberal and dissenting tradition. But the LSE's unique position in British higher education – an intimate research institute of the social sciences, dominated by the needs of faculty and graduates – has been undermined by the general problems of Britain's educational revolution. The Robbins Report of 1963 recommended that the LSE help ease the increased pressure for university places by expanding its undergraduate program. Short of space and funds, LSE became overcrowded and suffered under one of the worst staff-student ratios in Britain. The *Observer* of March 19 related LSE's problems to Britain's general situation: "The universities as a whole are in the middle of an industrial revolution. . . . Higher education, from being a cottage industry, is becoming a large-scale, mass-production process. Students are in danger of coming to regard themselves as a new kind of intellectual proletariat, with a new sense of grievance."

That "new sense of grievance" became a qualitative demand at the LSE. An administration which hobbled the Students' Union, refused to discuss seriously curriculum or rules reform, and which enforced its will through Olympian disciplinary committees (all comparing poorly with more progressive universities even in Britain), seemed to reflect an incorrect balance of power and priorities. The students' response is less to felt exploitation – the traditional subject matter of both Old-left and Parliamentary politics – but to a pervasive frustration which some describe as "dehumanization."

The student proposals are by no means impractical. New universities in Britain incorporate students on disciplinary boards, curriculum review committees, and some within the academic senates. In America students are slowly winning bills of rights from university administrations. At San Francisco State College a Free University operates within the college itself, subsidized entirely by student government funds. In Sweden, student unions have far greater parity with administrations than in Britain. There are other models for reform as well. None satisfies every objection or grievance. But nothing could stop experimentation and innovation at the LSE, if only the administrative will and boldness existed.

Administrative will, unfortunately, has been used to date at the LSE only to enforce points of discipline. For six weeks in February and March, the administration exhausted the university with disciplinary hearings which most students and many faculty members thought fundamentally unnecessary and unjust. On the day the verdicts were announced, the administration barricaded itself in its building, lowering steel fire doors and establishing a checkpoint at the main entrance. In symbolic contrast, the students' occupation of the LSE for 10 days was dedicated to the idea of an "open university." In a recent letter from London, a friend described the round-the-clock seminars on educational theory and structure; lectures by sympathetic academics: and the general ferment of trying to discover what "freeing education" means. But the authorities remained inflexible on the suspension of Adelstein and Bloom.

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The Doctors' Bonanza

by Edward T. Chase

Medicare's and Medicaid's impact now clearly signals that a major social revolution is in the making. The Medicare and Medicaid programs are transforming millions of charity patients into "middle-class" paying customers who are using personal physicians of their choice, and private health facilities. But the rapid rate at which health care costs are skyrocketing, and revelations of abuse, waste, low productivity, and maldistribution of service in the country's health care, are precipitating a crisis. Only a group practice can overcome America's deepening shortage of doctors and nurses; only compulsory national health insurance can underwrite ever more expensive health care.

Medicare and Medicaid provide government-financed health care for people 65 and over, for the poor on public assistance, and for others unable to pay their medical expenses. In the first year of enactment, 3.5 million people have received treatment under Medicare, and 1.5 million under Medicaid. Medicaid is barely beginning to roll, but the pace is quickening. Some 6.5 million persons will receive treatment under Medicaid this year, and 8 million by 1968.

A cost crisis began appearing late in 1966. Both hospital costs and doctors' charges were escalating. The Bureau of Labor Statistics disclosed that the rate of increase in doctors' fees began to *double* as Medicare got underway in July 1966: up from 1.1 percent per quarter, to a 2.2 percent increase per quarter. This meant that the doctors, fully aware of the impending advent of Medicare last spring, and the fact that fees would be based on their charges then, raised them at that time. In consequence, doctors' fees started to advance at more than the average yearly rate of increase in hospital charges. The latter are widely considered to be the most alarming inflationary component in health care, always increasing at double to triple the rise in the cost of living, with an average yearly increase over the past decade of 8.6 percent.

Hospital costs continued to rise at a rapid rate after Medicare. Last month a special "Report to the President on Medical Care Prices" revealed that hospital daily charges, which had been rising between 6 and 9 percent per year for years, went up 16.5 percent in 1965 – the largest annual increase in 18 years. The rise in hospital daily charges was "especially sharp in the second half of 1966," states the report, when it was 11.5 percent. The curve is continuing upward. Every indication is that the rate of rise will accelerate at least through 1968. The daily average hospital cost was $15 per day in 1950. Today it ranges between $45 and $75 and hospital administrators are talking about a $100 a day charge as an imminent probability.

The same report confirmed the spectacular jump in doctors' fees; their rise in 1966, the year Medicare-Medicaid began, was the greatest in 40 years.

Medical Economics, the chief journal devoted to doctors' incomes and financial practices, reveals in a national sample of 3,195 family doctors (general practitioners and internists) that, since Medicare began, the median fee of general practitioners has jumped 25 percent for the key category of office revisits (the patient's follow-up visits after the initial contact). The median fee of internists is up 40 percent. Pediatricians' charges for office revisits remained unchanged (the median figure was $5) during this period; an interesting finding, considering that pediatricians treat the young, who are not Medicare patients.

Some inflationary tendencies are created by advancing technology, overdue raises in the wages of health care workers, and rising public demand for the best in health care. But the inflationary effects of Medicare and Medicaid are something else again. In the case of Medicare, for example, the law provides that participating hospitals (98 percent of all general hospitals) are to be fully reimbursed on a cost plus 2 percent basis for all services to Medicare patients. The law makes this a completely open-ended proposition, in effect guaranteeing a check with no upper limit. Experts like Professor Herman Somers of Princeton and Martin Cherkasky, Director of Montefiore Hospital in New York, state that this freezes wasteful existing hospital practices, and foments new ones. There are no statutory incentives for cost control or criteria for reforms in procedures.

In a paper on this subject for the New York Academy of Medicine, the Harvard economist, Professor John Dunlop, commented: "Nothing could be worse in our society today than to say we need another three or five billion dollars for medical care, and then simply duplicate or multiply the arrangements that we now have, that would get us nowhere . . . the real function

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of the cost increases of the past decade, and those in process, should be to compel vast structural changes in the organization of medical care."

Besides the escalation in hospital costs, the biggest structural change occurring under the impact of Medicare is the sudden rise in doctors' fees. The record shows that this most affluent of professions took only a nominal political setback with the passage of Medicare and Medicaid, which the medical leadership managed to delay for over twenty years. Actually, it won the war. Medicare guarantees the bills of the 19 million aged and fees have been raised; Medicare and Medicaid are set up so as to keep the health care system in the private sector and on the traditional piece work, solo practice, fee-for-service basis, as free as possible from public governmental administration and controls.

How Billing Works

Medicare is only nine months old, but it's already clear how ineffective present billing "controls" are, and how unabashedly the doctors are taking advantage. The public widely assumes that, because Medicare is a government, tax-financed program, doctors' charges are set to protect both the public and the doctors. Not so. Medicare provides that the billing process is handled by private "fiscal intermediaries." Most typically these are large insurance companies, organized medicine's traditional allies, who are contracted to administer these operations for the government. Under Medicare doctors are allowed to charge their "customary" fees. The way billing works is that the doctor either leaves it up to the Medicare patient to get himself reimbursed after he has paid the doctor, or the doctor submits his bill directly to the government intermediary in his geographical area. When the doctor bills the patient directly, he can make his charges as high as he wishes. Since he knows the Medicare patient is bound to get at least partially reimbursed by the government, his conscience may not be too sorely tried. The patient gets reimbursed only after he has presented a receipted paid-up bill to the government intermediary; and then he gets only 80 percent of whatever the intermediary has judged to be a "reasonable" charge for the bill. The other 20 percent is on him, and he handles all the paperwork.

The intermediary keeps a file on each doctor in its jurisdiction, showing what his charges have been for a particular service. If the Medicare patient's bill is not appreciably out of line with the doctor's customary charge and is not radically higher than the prevailing charge for the service in the doctor's geographical area, it is deemed "reasonable." If it is unreasonably high, tough luck for the Medicare patient – he has already paid it and can now get only 80 percent of the "reasonable" portion of it.

When the doctor submits his bill not to the patient but instead to the government intermediary, the doctor agrees to accept the intermediary's determination of a reasonable charge. Eighty percent is paid by the intermediary, 20 percent by the patient.

Most doctors are billing directly. The sharpest escalation in doctors' charges is among hospital based specialists – radiologists and pathologists – who utilize the hospital's own plant, expensive laboratories and X-ray equipment. By a flaw in the Medicare law, these specialists have to be paid by the same procedures as other doctors, instead of having their services accounted for under the hospital services part of the patient's bill. This is causing chaos in billing, because the hospitals cannot readily isolate the charges for these specialists' services from the general hospital services. Traditionally these specialists are paid on a salary basis or get a commission, usually a percentage of the hospitals' gross income from these services. Hospital administrators are at their wits' end, since the hospitals cannot be reimbursed for their Medicare costs until they first settle how they are to compensate their radiologists and pathologists, who are insisting that the hospitals follow the payment procedure of the doctors who deal personally with patients. The result has been a windfall for practitioners of these two specialties, with their incomes rising spectacularly, and warfare between the two specialties and hospital managements.

Bargaining power is heavily on the side of the doctors, because the shortage of doctors is especially acute in the case of radiologists. According to the national Advisory Committee on Radiation, the US has only half the radiologists it needs, and will have only a third as many as it needs by 1975. About half of all diagnostic work requires radiology. Since Medicare, many patients have had to go on waiting lists for X-ray and radiation treatments. Hospitals won't push their radiologists around in tough negotiations for fear of losing them. For most hospitals, the radiology department is the big money maker.

Medicare so far has overshadowed Medicaid, the state-federal program of care for those who are on welfare or are unable to pay their medical bills. Medicaid is only slowly becoming implemented. The complaint in New York and some of the 25 other participating states is that it is impossibly encumbered with red tape. But this will be corrected, people will use it increasingly, and Medicaid has huge inflationary potential. States can set up just about any program they wish so long as it meets certain federal minimum standards of coverage – there are not maxima. States are supported by matching federal grants of from 50 to 83 percent of cost, varying with the state's per capita income. By 1975, by which time the states must have

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total medical services available to *all* who cannot afford the care they need, Medicaid could be accommodating some 35 million Americans. Doctors' fees are being established as under Medicare, by "profiles" of the doctors' customary fees. Proposed increases for health programs in the 1968 federal budget amount to $1.2 billion, bringing the total to $8 billion.

Some 95 new programs under the Office of Economic Opportunity involve government-sponsored free health centers and clinics, the biggest being located in depressed areas of Boston, Detroit and Denver. These offer totally free care, and they use doctors functioning on a group-practice basis, *paid by salary*, along with essential ancillary health-care workers. They are models of the future pattern of health care in the US.

The Boston operation, in the federally subsidized Columbia Point housing development, is run under the direction of the Department of Preventive Medicine of Tufts University's School of Medicine. Family-care units consisting of an internist, a pediatrician, a nurse and a social worker are part of a group of 50 doctors and associates operating out of a rented apartment building and utilizing Boston-area hospitals. They serve about 5,500 people. There is no conflict with private practitioners here, *because there are none.* Until this free-care program came along, residents seeking medical help had to journey long distances to doctors in other communities.

Medicare-Medicaid are dramatizing such problems. The American health care system, despite its scandalous costs, six percent of the gross national product, more than that of any other nation, is mediocre. The United States now ranks 15th in infant mortality (11th in 1961, 5th in 1950). Twelve nations have a higher life expectancy at age 60. In life expectancy for the population generally, the United States ranks 13th for males, 7th for females. Fifteen other nations have higher ratios of hospital beds to population. Only about 60 percent of American hospitals are officially accredited, meaning that in the past year over four million Americans went into hospitals unprotected even by standards that are notoriously permissive. Seven countries have a higher proportion of doctors to population than the United States.

Between 1950 and 1965, the number of family physicians in private practice declined. Yet only about 50 percent of qualified applicants could undertake medical training last year, because of the shortage of medical schools and medical professors. Ten thousand aspiring college students had to be denied acceptance, and 1,100 teaching posts went unstaffed. Thirty percent of residencies in US hospitals are staffed by foreigners. Four out of five American hospitals have no interns or residents, and at times have no doctor at all on the premises. In our greatest city, from a quarter to two-thirds of registered nursing positions are vacant. Each year, 20,000 persons die of rheumatic heart disease, a disease relatively easily controlled through penicillin. Half of the nearly million and a half sufferers from glaucoma do not know they have it; a million and a half are unaware they have diabetes. And so on.

It took a generation to establish Medicare over the opposition of the medical and insurance lobbies. But that was a breakthrough. HEW's planners should move aggressively now, while organized medicine is on the defensive.

Pot Bust at Cornell

by David Sanford

Mark Barlow, the vice president of Cornell University, went to a very intimate cocktail party three Sundays ago in Ithaca. Some pretty responsible people on the faculty were there. At one point conversation got around to the subject of pot. "We all agreed," Barlow recalls, "that if someone at that moment had a package of marijuana we'd probably smoke it for the hell of it, to see what it's like."

This attitude of experimentation seems a bit odd for someone on the other side of the generational gap, especially when he is the student affairs vice president of a university which routinely reports students caught smoking, selling, buying or possessing marijuana to the police. It is all the more remarkable, considering that in New York the result of a conviction for possessing more than an ounce of marijuana is a mandatory five years in jail.

But these are strange times. The Federal Narcotics Bureau, a branch of the Treasury Department, has recently discovered that marijuana is no longer a kick

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enjoyed more or less exclusively by Negro jazz musicians, hippies and other low-life but that it is fairly common among decent, middle-class, educated, otherwise conventional people who no longer believe that pot is a dangerous drug.

The burgeoning marijuana traffic, plus the radical change in attitudes toward pot, has been a source of grief to the Narcotics Bureau, which has the job of keeping it under control. Arrests involving pot have doubled in the past two years, narcotics agents have had to be diverted from the more important work of suppressing heroin, and this year the bureau had to come hat in hand to Congress for more money for more agents. The new permissiveness toward pot is seen by Narcotics Bureau Commissioner Henry L. Giordano as "just another effort to break down our whole American system."

Some universities, not Cornell, look the other way when students are arrested in pot "busts"; some parents worry not because their children are smoking pot but because they might be arrested; courts are increasingly reluctant to impose fixed minimum sentences and therefore refuse to bring convictions; even the Narcotics Bureau has stopped saying that smoking pot results directly in rape, murder and insanity.

In its 448 pages a new book, *The Marijuana Papers*, tells more than anyone would ever want to know about pot. David Solomon, its editor, is all for pot and believes that "millions of other Americans" are beginning to learn that "marijuana is both pleasurable and harmless."

Marijuana comes from the flowering tops and leaves of the *Cannabis sativa* or hemp plant, and grows without cultivation in most climates. A few puffs on a reefer give one the sensation of relaxation and a heightened awareness of light and sound. Pot was made illegal by the federal Marijuana Act of 1937, largely as a result of the lobbying of the Narcotics Bureau and its Commissioner Harry Anslinger. Most states subsequently enacted anti-pot legislation of their own. Since the late thirties the Narcotics Bureau has changed its line from an insistence that smoking marijuana is itself hazardous, to the belief that its use leads to other things, notably heroin addiction.

"The Pot Hazard"

If marijuana did not lead to heroin addiction prior to 1937 but does now, David Solomon argues, perhaps it is because, as an illegal drug, it now must be obtained through the same channels through which other illegal drugs flow. "The marijuana user thus found himself able to purchase heroin from merchants who had previously sold only marijuana." In any event, the "attempt to suppress the use of marijuana in the United States through police power and by means of heavy penalties shows no signs of succeeding."

The Narcotics Bureau is clearly on the defensive about marijuana. In his testimony before a House appropriations subcommittee February 8, Commissioner Giordano attributed the rise in illicit marijuana traffic (7,000 arrests in 1964; 15,000 in 1966) to "free expression" groups that have told young people to do whatever they like, without regard to the mores of society. "We seem to have a lot of people today trying to convince our youth that there is nothing really wrong with marijuana," he said.

But strangely, nowhere in the commissioner's remarks to the subcommittee did he detail the hazards of marijuana, except to reiterate that it is a stepping stone to stronger stuff. He draws this conclusion from studies of known heroin addicts who say that they earlier smoked marijuana. However, there are no studies available to suggest, as Giordano would like to believe, that the converse is true, that even a small percentage of pot smokers graduate to heroin addiction. The assumptions of the Narcotics Bureau, which has something of a vested interest in keeping marijuana a "problem," were questioned by the recent President's Crime Commission Report which said that "there are too many marijuana users who do not graduate to heroin" and that "there is no scientific basis for [the stepping-stone] theory."

Two weeks ago the American College Health Association, an organization of university and college health service professionals, met in Washington to discuss their common interests (ranging from birth control to football injuries). The panel discussions on the campus drug scene attracted the most interest. Marijuana, according to the panelists, is by far the most prevalent and least alarming of the so-called hallucinogenic drugs to be found on campuses today. (One rough guess has 25 percent of the students at the University of California smoking pot, and UC is not unique.) Woodrow W. Burgess, a psychiatrist at the University of California at Davis, calls marijuana a "neglible source of emotional disturbance in college students." He said that "in an active practice of psychiatry of twenty years I have never had anyone come to me and say they were in trouble from taking marijuana." Duke D. Fisher, a physician with the Neuropsychiatric Institute at the University of California at Los Angeles and an authority on LSD, said "We don't see adverse reactions to marijuana." His concern with pot is not its danger (LSD *is* dangerous, he insists) but its illegality. Robert S. Liebert, a Columbia University physician, thinks occasional use of the drug a normal developmental phase among college kids. "The case could be made," he said, "that if a male goes through four years of college on many

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campuses now, without the experience, this abstinence bespeaks a rigidity in his character structure and fear of his impulses that is hardly desirable." Dr. Liebert stopped short only of suggesting that colleges "screen out all seniors who have never tried marijuana and insist that they go to the counseling service."

The problem of pot has in a real sense become a problem of law, not of medicine. Recently I visited the campuses of two universities which have lately experienced marijuana busts – Cornell and Wayne State. Both have noted an increase in the use of drugs by students; both consider it a problem. But that is where the similarities stop. Cornell reports student offenders to the cops. Where there is a conviction for selling, Cornell is inclined to kick the student out of school.

The dean of students at Wayne State in Detroit says the university has not and would not cooperate with narcotics agents and would most likely not suspend a student even after he had been convicted of a narcotics violation.

Getting High Above Cayuga's Waters

Cornell has developed something of a reputation for its drug problem. Last month a Cornell grad student was arrested along with 10 other persons in Ithaca, 11 in New York and one in Montreal in what the Thompkins County district attorney called the largest LSD buy in the state's history ($3,000 worth of LSD; $600-$700 of marijuana). The state narcotics bureau's undercover agent who was instrumental in the arrest was posing as a Cornell student and was allegedly getting the drugs for his friends at Cornell. In fact, the number of cases involving Cornell students has been small and university officials, while recognizing that marijuana is more widely used than ever before, do not think Cornell's difficulties are unusual.

Last year Cornell's health service answered a questionnaire from Senator Robert Kennedy about the use of LSD. Of 27 colleges and universities replying to the senator's query, Cornell was reported as having the most known LSD cases – eight (it later turned out that some of the cases reported by Cornell were not LSD at all but morning glory seeds, peyote and other drugs).

In 1965 Cornell's President James A. Perkins decided to face up to the drug problem and instituted a policy of issuing press releases whenever Cornell students were caught with drugs, reporting violations to Thompkins County DA, Richard Thaler, and declaring Cornell's unequivocal abhorrence of narcotics law violations. The policy has had uneven results. In one instance a university announcement forced Thaler's hand and he had to make arrests before he felt that he had the goods on all the drug users involved.

Thaler prosecutes with zeal the cases Cornell turns over to him, and when he plans a bust he tells Cornell officials so they can be in on it. His investigative work has involved paid informants (in one case a university employee), paid amateur sleuths, and student rats. Two years ago he hired a New York City detective to come to Ithaca and hang around Cornell and the nearby Ithaca College, posing as a pot-head. The agent, Edward Manet, befriended Mona Silverman, an Ithaca College girl (in court her lawyer said they had become very good friends indeed). He gave her $20 to buy some pot for him in New York, and when she did he had her arrested. The case became quite involved. In court Thaler was asked by the judge whether he had imported an undercover man to "make love" to the girl. Thaler replied that a kiss is not making love.

The Silverman girl was convicted by the Thompkins County court of selling and possessing marijuana, which under New York law may carry up to 20 years in prison. The conviction for selling, however, was ultimately overthrown by the New York Supreme Court, which concluded that Miss Silverman had not profited from the exchange (most student "pushers" sell marijuana as a not-for-profit favor) and had merely done what Thaler's man had asked her to do. "One who acts solely as the agent of the buyer," the court concluded, "cannot be convicted of the crime of selling narcotics."

Thaler says the community has not been much moved by his narcotics campaign, since many people think he is just interested in publicity and in serving his own political ambitions. They think, and he denies, he has an interest in the state legislature. Thaler's methods, though, especially the question of entrapment, were issues in his 1965 reelection campaign and have alarmed some university officials because Cornell is so willing to entrust its students to Thaler's care. One Ithaca resident wrote the local newspaper demanding Thaler resign. He wondered, "Can we possibly ask parents to send their children into a town whose public officials, through carelessness or ambition, allow their agents to use guile in enticing youngsters into wrongdoing?"

The tactics used by those who would suppress marijuana often seem to result in more serious problems than pot itself. Thaler points out that the courts have ruled that getting someone to purchase marijuana and then setting him up for the kill when he turns over the stuff is not illegal entrapment. Pot is a serious offense, he emphasizes, and extraordinary methods are necessary to ferret out offenders. Cornell feels constrained to cooperate with such activities, and once again the reason is law. It is a crime in New York to know of the commission of a crime and not report it.

One high university official said privately that "one

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has to separate a principle of cooperation from how one is going to cooperate specifically with the constabulary you happen to be working with. There's a lot of stuff I'd do in principle, but Thaler would have to subpoena me before he'd get the information out of me, and then I'd even consider civil disobedience."

Of course, not everyone at Cornell feels this way. Proctor Lowell George says Thaler merely uses the same procedures that "they use in the city of New York" to apprehend dope peddlers. You don't just walk up to people and ask them if they are pushing marijuana. "You've got to obtain evidence and to do this you need an undercover man." I asked Proctor George whether he approves of entrapment, paid student informers, and agents posing as students. His reply was, "Do they do it any differently in New York?"

No One to Trust

A plethora of agencies is involved in controlling drug traffic: the Federal Narcotics Bureau (marijuana, heroin), the Food and Drug Administration's new Bureau of Drug Abuse Control (LSD, amphetamines, barbiturates), customs agents, state narcotics bureaus, state police, local police.

There is some cooperation among these agencies although there is just as much overlap of activity. Just before the March arrests in Ithaca the Thompkins DA heard from his spies that the state narcotics bureau was taking motion pictures of persons having contact with known pushers and also that FDA people were on the scene, but he never heard directly from either agency and the state narcotics bureau has yet to reply to his request to see their movies.

Educational institutions also become involved in the police function through their own campus cops, and sometimes in more indirect ways. Dr. Henry B. Bruyn, director of student health at the Cornell Memorial Hospital at UC in Berkeley, said at the recent American College Health Association meetings that in 1962 the city of Berkeley passed an ordinance which had the effect of requiring a campus physician to report the name of any patient who had suffered an adverse drug reaction – a law which effectively destroys the confidential doctor-patient relationship in drug cases and makes one's physician an agent of the state.

Cornell held discussions with officials at the University of Rochester, which also has had trouble with illicit drugs, during which it was suggested that room maids might keep their eyes open for drug users. Cornell denies that such reports are encouraged or received.

Students have been recruited as paid informers; and, in the recent case at Fairleigh Dickinson University, police officers have registered for and attended classes as students. The result of all this activity is a fear on the part of some students that they are being spied upon from all directions and that they cannot trust anyone, even one another.

Richard Thaler feels that it is important to play on this fear reaction, that the more frightened students become of an arrest the less likely they are to experiment with drugs. "You can treat people through fear, fear that they're going to get caught, fear that the consequences are going to be personally disastrous, fear that the stigma that's going to be attached to their activities is going to be irrevocable," he says, "or you can treat them with force, that is, by making arrests, by making whoever is involved go through the expense, and the time, and the publicity of standing trial."

Thaler says, "From what I've been told – of course not having any personal knowledge – marijuana in and of itself is apparently not that dangerous." Students, he says, wonder why then he is so eager to prosecute cases. "I have no choice. It's defined in the law as a crime, and therefore I'm charged with the duty of prosecuting."

David Radin, the editor of the student *Cornell Daily Sun*, said that before the most recent pot bust at Cornell, marijuana was "really rampant on campus. There were many students who had large holdings." Since the bust he believes the town is clean, but that after spring vacation pot will be back on campus. Sam Roberts, managing editor of the *Sun*, said most students rather take pot for granted. "But not Thaler. He'll go looking around and he'll feel so proud when he's discovered one exchange, when 100 a week are taking place."

In the final analysis, most doctors and university administrators beg the question of the harmfulness of marijuana and view it pragmatically as a violation of law. At Wesleyan University (Connecticut) the college physician, C. B. Crampton, sent a frank "personal message" to the students. It said in part: "When you spend five dollars for a nickel-bag of marijuana you are contributing directly to the most vicious criminal elements in your country – the individuals and groups who deal in narcotics. No decent human being will subsidize the narcotics rings knowingly, but many do so unwittingly. Parenthetically, I should point out that stiff penalties are imposed not only for selling narcotics and hallucinogenic drugs, but for having them in your possession. A man can be (and some individuals have been) sentenced to five years in prison for possessing a single packet of marijuana or a few milligrams of LSD."

Wayne State will be the subject of a second article.

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN *Passages to India*

One of the attractions of Christopher Isherwood's new short novel* is that it changes as one reads it. In that sense it is like one of those optical-illusion drawings – a picture that seems like white squares on a black background until, after a while, it changes to black squares on a white background and ultimately becomes a mosaic. This novel makes its way to a rewarding complexity through the addition of simplicities.

I started with a prejudice against the book. The jacket-flap tells us that the river in the title is the Ganges and that Hinduism is prominent in the story. I knew of Isherwood's personal involvement with Hinduism, and I suspected a propagandistic work – not without art because nothing he does could be clumsy, but basically antipathetic to one who regards Hinduism as among the cruelest of religions: crueler than Christianity in its disregard of life and its exaltation of afterlife and without even an equivalent of the crucified Son of God as its central poem. Yet, not compromising his beliefs in the slightest, Isherwood has made a novel that is credible, moving, and ultimately ironic. He happily disappoints our fears of proselytism, and he also surprises our expectations in story.

Oliver is an Englishman in his late thirties who has spent some years in different social services, including work with the Quakers. He has been converted to Hinduism by a swami he met in postwar Munich where he was working for the Red Cross. After the swami's death Oliver goes to his teacher's monastery near Calcutta to prepare to become a Hindu monk, and he writes to his brother Patrick, a successful publisher, to tell him so. (They have been out of touch for some time.) At the moment Patrick is in Hollywood on business about a film to be made from one of his firm's books. It is also relevant that Oliver was once in love with Patrick's wife before her marriage and that Patrick, when off on trips, sometimes has homosexual affairs (as he does in Hollywood), although he loves his wife and needs his marriage very much.

Patrick is going to Asia anyway in connection with his film, and he immediately conceives the idea of visiting Oliver. (And *we* immediately conceive the idea that either he is going to dissuade Oliver or be converted by him.) Oliver, for his own reasons, agrees. The brothers see each other, off and on, for some weeks. Neither of our alternative expectations takes place. The twists of the plot come – as they do in the best art – not from clever invention but from fidelity to character. Which means fidelity to human paradox.

The novel's considerable work is accomplished with beautifully spare means, seemingly easy but possible only to an artist who has always been good and who has lost no refinement. The very form of the book – letters by the two brothers and excerpts from Oliver's diary – emphasizes the theme: closure from one another; discreteness. Each segment of the book is a statement by one of the two principal persons, reflecting events as seen through his eyes only. This form in itself underscores that neither is having the effect on the other that he thinks, and it also makes more trenchant the wry truth that it is the religionist who doubts and the non-religionist who never wavers.

When Oliver first learns that his brother wants to come and watch him take his vows (called sannyas), he notes in his diary:

> "The truth is that I'm unspeakably humiliated and shocked to discover that *I*, who am supposed to be spiritually advanced to the level at which I can take sannyas, still feel these primitive spasms of sheer hatred toward my own brother!"

Later, after Patrick has been at the monastery for a time and they have abraded each other somewhat, Oliver writes:

> "Why didn't I wait to write [that letter to Patrick] until after I'd taken sannyas? That would have been the natural thing to do, having waited so long already. No, I wanted him here before sannyas because I longed for him to reassure me that Swami's teaching is true, and that this Monastery is a good place, and that it's all right for me to become a monk! That sounds fantastic, but it's the truth – at least partly."

Shortly before sannyas, a drunken telephone call from California reveals Patrick's homosexuality. He discusses it candidly with Oliver; then he goes on – in the atmosphere of frankness thus engendered – to say that he hopes Oliver will reconsider taking the vows, that he has a faculty of leadership for good that ought to be employed in the world.

Oliver, though he conceals it, is shaken both by the power of Patrick's acceptance of himself and by his brother's arguments. After a sleepless night Oliver suddenly falls asleep and dreams of the dead swami who assures him pleasantly that Patrick is in his (the swami's) care, although the mundane man has no knowledge of it. In happy relief Oliver writes:

> "No wonder swami seemed amused! If you look at this objectively, it's a pretty comic situation. Poor old Paddy – he's in a state of grace!"

And this seems to be confirmed by the fact that, after Oliver takes his vows and dons his new robes, Patrick – unexpectedly and charmingly – performs the ritual act of obeisance before him. Oliver describes this in the last section of the book, an excerpt from his diary; but Patrick has already written, in a letter to his wife:

> "However much Olly may try to persuade himself that he believes in humility, obedience and anonymity, he's actually quite incapable of re-

(Continued on page 37)

* *A Meeting by the River*, by Christopher Isherwood (Simon & Schuster; $4.50)

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Bernanos: The Writer as Child

by Robert Coles

I do not imagine that Georges Bernanos expected to gain a wide audience for the novels and articles he wrote from about 1925 to 1948. He was French, proudly French, and peasant French at that; he was also a fervent Christian pilgrim. He had no interest in transcending such "limitations," certainly not in order to cross the Atlantic Ocean and become yet another American fad. For that matter, as a person, a novelist and a political journalist he challenges not only the secular stranger from abroad but his own countrymen, to the extent that they are inescapably loyal to this century.

Mouchette
by George Bernanos
translated by J. C. Whitehouse
(Holt, Rinehart and Winston; $3.95)

Bernanos was born in the Paris of 1888, when the memory of an emperor was still fresh, and a republic was in its adolescence. He was educated by Jesuits, and later studied law and literature – particularly Balzac and Zola. He became interested in politics, and eventually associated himself with Léon Daudet, the novelist's son, who had joined with Charles Maurras to make *Action Française* an all-out nationalist and royalist newspaper. For a while he lived in Rouen and edited a monarchist weekly, but by the autumn of 1914 the war drew him to the battlefield, where he was wounded and decorated. In the midst of the awful futility of trench warfare he met up with the melancholy, furious, apocalyptic message of Léon Bloy, who so decisively influenced Jacques and Raïssa Maritain. Bloy had little use for the hypocritical deceitful politicians of the Third Republic, but his outrage was nonpartisan, and certainly fell hard upon the manufacturers of the day, who worked children mercilessly, as well as the decadent counts and dukes, who never seem to be done with pretending. Though by temperament he was not as fierce and stern as Bloy, Bernanos sensed in him a kindred spirit. They both were Catholic by precarious faith, rather than ritual or inheritance; they both were emotional; and each of them by nature was tied concretely to the poor – in contrast, that is, to being wordy, theoretical advocates of the proletariat, advocates who preach "humanity" but cut down anyone in sight with highly refined thoughts.

After the war Bernanos found himself increasingly at odds with the purposes and tactics of *Action Française*. He became inspector for an insurance company, and in that capacity roamed France. He had married in 1917, and by 1933 was the father of six children. To all outward appearances he was exactly the kind of humdrum petit bourgeois person who applauded conservatives like Daudet, though something in him seemed to say no – and more significantly, drive him to write out his own position.

He wrote and wrote, in hotels, railroad stations, and cafés, wherever there was a table for paper and pen, so that by 1930 he had published three novels (*Sous le Soleil de Satan, L'Imposture,* and *La Joie*). They were not overwhelming successes, though they revealed a sensual, poetic and religious mind in search of a congenial literary form that would enable coherence and control. To some extent Bernanos had already made that discovery as a journalist. By 1932 he was contributing one emotional but pointed article after another to *Le Figaro,* which allowed him considerable freedom to say what he wanted about politics and literature.

Money was still scarce though, and in 1933 he was badly injured in a motorcycle accident. He wrote a detective novel (*Un Crime*) to become solvent, and all the while kept travelling, unhappy with this place, dissatisfied there, sick and in need of rest, outraged at what he saw and so compelled to move on. By the mid-thirties he had long ceased to be anything but a writer – a novelist, a critic, a journalist, a pamphleteer, whose output was steady and incredibly diverse in character.

In 1934 he left France for Majorca, the first of repeated exiles he would undertake. For three years he stayed there, and they were the three most productive years of his life. We owe to them *The Diary of a Country Priest* and *Mouchette,* which has just now been translated into English. The two are companion pieces, and together are an almost unbearable experience for any reader even remotely susceptible to the vision of this world that drives Bernanos to such agonized expression. In a sense they are one book; in different ways they treat of pride and innocence, those two states of mind and soul that struggle within us for command of whatever destiny we may have in this universe. In both books the reader is taken to the same world – bleak, isolated villages, whose air is always damp and land always mud-soft and covered with leaves. The rain comes down thin and steady, or it pours so hard that the author has it lashing away at people who, anyway, are beaten through and through. They are poor. They are ignorant. They are cruel to one another. They hate and lust without the decorative guile and pretense that money and clever ideas enable. They are no better than kind and sensitive aristocrats, and no worse than the pompous, self-sufficient owners of a galaxy of electrical gadgets and some bank books that – you can be sure – will never get wet in *any* rain. For Bernanos they are like all people, the occasion for God's presence and absence on this earth.

In *The Diary of a Country Priest* Bernanos found the perfect form for his digressive way of handling a few very pointed themes. The young, ailing priest can write down his thoughts

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openly and naturally without feeling any need to tailor them to the particular demands of conversation. The novelist is not so tied to his scenes and characters, and is less tempted to use them gratuitously as his own mouthpieces, so that by no means are we confronted with a thinly disguised personal journal, another version of the various letters and private notebooks Bernanos published – or others did for him after his death. The priest is an unforgettable person, and so is his encounter with a grieving Countess, whose dead child has provided her with the excuse she needed for that peculiarly disarming kind of pride that clothes itself in tragedy and uses self-pity as a bludgeon. The author's desperate and fierce religious struggle, lived out on three continents, against a background of revolution, war and death camps, submerges itself almost miraculously in the novel's discouraging, inauspicious countryside – its raw weather everyone's fate at one time or another, its peasants, clergy and nobility as mean and driving, as ordinary and self-congratulatory, or as vulnerable and decent as their equivalents in other places.

To Bernanos, Christ's Sermon on the Mount contained so much irony and paradox, so much pitiless contempt for the vanity of man's institutional life, that no one can feel safely Christian, though a case can be made for some more easily than others. That is the writer's challenge, as he saw it, to allow each of his characters to make his case. In *The Diary of a Country Priest* and even more tersely in *Mouchette*, he sets out to create them, supplicants all, and give them their circumstances, in the sure knowledge that whatever they do he will be there – observant, surprised and horrified. Like Mauriac he both entreats and abandons the reader. The novels are suffused with spiritual concerns, but the mystery of Christianity, of salvation and damnation, remains almost austerely beyond analysis or even speculation. By the same token, human motives are not fixed upon and scrutinized as an end in itself; to do so would be sacrilegious. What matters is how we act, and specifically how we act toward one another – always against the background of a perplexing Sermon that seems particularly foreboding to men of authority or apparent success, among whom can be found successful novelists.

Bernanos cannot forget Christ as the Child, and the Passion of the Cross. Childhood and death are the themes that came up again and again in his writing, and they are inevitably joined together. The priest is a child, not one of our successful, competent (those are indeed the words) nursery school children, whose parents are cramming the whole world into his brain for the sake of *their* salvation, but a defenseless child who is nevertheless capable of hurting both himself and other people. Bernanos has no interest in what Rousseau or Wordsworth saw in childhood – a sort of *tabula rasa*, or a shelter where only lambs and doves live. Nor is he interested in the psychoanalyst's idea of what makes a boy nervous or a girl worried. He assumes all along that one can be vulnerable and hurtful, patient and capricious, forgiving and predatory – and be a child. More radically (and here I think he is very much with Freud, whether he likes it or not) he assumes that childhood is a continuing state of mind, a terribly important one that is never "outgrown" or left behind – but murdered, yes, by being thwarted, stifled or terrorized.

The priest, like a child, tries to do what he is told, but feels within himself all kinds of confusing, urgent wishes. Like a child he embraces, then pulls back; like a child he can walk perfectly well one minute, then stumble without marking that fact down in a ledger and making it part of some over-all count, or "evaluation." In fact Bernanos ingeniously splits the reader, the writer, and the priest from one another. The priest's reactions are not ours. If he could see himself and write about himself as we see him and read of him, through his own words, he would be damned not saved, just another self-consciously "aware" man. Through the use of a diary Bernanos can bring out the child in the cure, his fantasies and doubts, the flow of fear and desire he experiences, the impromptu conversations with himself that in later life we come to call daydreams or reveries, or in a doctor's office, free associations. The lesson

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seems clear: self-knowledge and reflection are obligatory for anyone who seeks God (hence the effort of a diary) but a certain kind of "distance" on oneself (and others) can lead to arrogance and pride, to the kind of mind found in mature, "grown-up" and educated people who make guns and order them used. If the reader feels himself judging the priest, and thus uncomfortably close to acting like God, Bernanos can only smile wryly. He distrusted intellectuals, himself included. Eventually he fled them, himself included, by leaving France.

In Spain he saw Franco's work. The man who started as a follower of the right-wing Maurras was on his way to being claimed by the leftist readers of *Esprit* as a Catholic humanist, a radical fighter for the rights of the poor. One day in Majorca he saw trucks moving up a road, and in them "miserable human beings, their hands on their knees, their faces covered with dust, but sitting up straight, very straight, holding their heads high with the dignity Spaniards have in the most atrocious situations." What he saw – the men were republican hostages being driven to their execution – had the following consequences:

> "Naturally I did not deliberately decide to make a novel out of this. I did not say: I am going to transpose what I saw into the story of a little girl tracked down by misfortune and injustice. But what is true is that if I had not seen these things, I should not have written the *Nouvelle Histoire de Mouchette.*"

We are fortunate to have this particular translation of the novel, done by J. C. Whitehouse. Bernanos loved the French language, and took advantage of all its subtleties. His words are simple and plain, like so many of the people he describes. He sets phrase upon phrase, again all done very directly, but in the interests of achieving his intricate design. His prose is lyric and open, not densely metaphorical, and would have been damaged by even a capable translation. Whitehouse has done a lovely job:

> "The dark west wind, the sea wind, was already scattering the voices in

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the darkness. It toyed with them a moment and then lifted them all together, dispersing them with an angry roar. The voice which Mouchette had just heard hovered in the air a long time, like a dead leaf floating interminably."

Mouchette is fourteen years old, and so solitary that she has never felt lonely. She has a sharp, cutting eye for the insincerity and intrigue in her classmates and for the nervous self-importance of her teacher. She has been ignored or beaten by her drunken father, her tired and sick mother. There are many children in this peasant family, and they all are part of a village whose life seems timeless.

The story is deceptively brief: the girl, both timid and proud, walks home alone from school in what turns out to be unusually severe storm. She meets Arsène, a poacher and braggart, who has been hurt in what he claims to have been an encounter with an enemy of his, the forest policeman. He is running from the law, she from a world never really entered. The confession she hears from a murderer is ironically the first act of trust, the first intimacy she has ever known. Rather than find Arsène frightening, she is drawn to him. They have taken shelter together, and she admires the way he forthrightly cauterizes his wound with a burning brand. She reaches out for him, suddenly finds herself able to sing. For only a second can he return her gentle trust; drunk, basically a coward, he rapes her. She goes home to find her mother dying, and in a heart-breaking scene tries to tell her secret. The mother dies. Mouchette learns of Arsène's deception, and even worse she realizes that her family and the town can offer her nothing – except the spectacle of death, which slowly seizes the girl's imagination as something to be achieved in the absence of love. She leaves a village that forced her to close in on herself, that made a mockery of her effort to be generous, and she drowns herself.

Bernanos was obsessed with the betrayal of one man by another. It is not stretching things to connect Mouchette's death with the Crucifixion. In Spain he saw where the 20th century was headed, with its "realism" and its "progress," its Chamberlains, Hitlers and Stalins. In a letter to him Simone Weil wrote: "Having been in Spain, I now continually listen to and read all sorts of observation about Spain, but I could not point to a single person, except you alone, who has been exposed to the atmosphere of the Civil War and has resisted it. What do I care that you are a royalist. . . ."

He had long since stopped being a royalist when those words were written, in 1938. He had just returned to Paris, only to leave that same year for Paraguay. From there he went to Brazil. He tried farming. He supported de Gaulle and the resistance, attacked the Vichy government in a torrent of articles, and returned to Paris in 1945. Two years later he was in Tunisia, disappointed with the Fourth Republic – and a year later he was dead.

A restless, turbulent man, drawn to politics but impatient really for Armageddon, where he would fight to the death, Bernanos has very little to offer today's world. Like Péguy he can be "summed-up", labelled as reactionary, naïve, impractical. He had no "workable" political or economic vision; he

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knew little about man's "existential crisis" and he didn't seem to care about the workings of the unconscious, though he did say this once: "As soon as I take up my pen, what comes back to me immediately is my childhood, my quite commonplace childhood, so like everybody else's and from which I draw all that I write, as from an inexhaustible source of dreams."

When he died he was quite lucid, and anxious to admit that he had enjoyed his life on this earth more than he ever dared acknowledge. Like any honest but shy child he had complained only about what he loved, and now the time had come to say thank you, say goodbye, and hurry home.

Congress Needs Help

by Gerald W. Johnson

The National Broadcasting Company, perhaps carried away by the current enthusiasm for study-making, recently hired a group of professional study-makers to make a study of Congress and now presents the result in a hard-cover book.

It is unusual in two respects. In the first place, it does not seem to serve the ordinary purpose of study-making.

Congress Needs Help
by Philip Donham and Robert J. Fahey
(Random House; $4.95)

That function is to ease the pressure for action on authorities who do not want to act. By employing professional study-makers to make a study – quite commonly for fees ranging from $50,000 up – the necessity for acting may be postponed for two to ten years while the study is being completed.

But NBC cannot act with regard to Congress, so in this case outside pressure could hardly exist.

In the second place, since the final disposition of the ordinary study is to thrust it into a pigeonhole while a second study is being made further to defer action by updating the first one, and so on, it is commonly presented in a technical jargon beyond the understanding of the traditional seven Philadelphia lawyers. But this one is couched in crisp, lucid English, comprehensible to any person of ordinary intelligence.

Aside from these oddities, however, this study follows the usual course. It notes that Congress is not nearly as efficient as Dupont and makes the unwarranted assumption that it should be, ignoring the common knowledge that efficiency in government is tyranny in life. Until Congress has the citizen by the throat as tightly as Dupont has the customer by the throat, Congress cannot be highly efficient. But old-fashioned Americans do not care to live to see that day. Without doubt, some of the reforms mentioned in this study could be adopted by Congress to the promotion of the general welfare. But reforms of this type have been urged by critics of Congress from Hoover back to Hamilton.

The authors do touch the fundamental failure of Congress, but they touch it with feather lightness. This is its failure to act as an effective check and balance against the executive and the judiciary. They even note the origin of this failure, but suggest no remedy. Congress cannot make head against the executive because the constituency of every member is parochial, whereas that of the President is national. If it had one truly national leader, the imbalance might be redressed. If the Speaker of the House, like the President of the Senate, were elected by the whole people he could face the President on level terms. The President of the Senate cannot do so because he is himself a member of the executive, not the legislative, branch. But a Speaker, elected for the same term as the House over which he is to preside, might contend with the President for the power of the initiative. Every two years the people, by backing or bouncing the Speaker, could encourage or caution the Administration without wrecking it.

But this is a constitutional, not a legislative change, so it may be beyond the purview of the book. Yet without a broader purview, any study is bound to be just another one of those things.

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Dangerous Statesman

by James F. Goldberg

One of Gladstone's daughters asked Disraeli to identify a foreign diplomat who was passing by. "That," he informed her, "is the most dangerous statesman in Europe – except, as your father would say, myself, or, as I should prefer to put it, your father." Generally, Disraeli was called an unprincipled adventurer when he was not called Shylock, and Gladstone was called a pious hypocrite when he was not called a madman. With that quality of criticism heating up the air, honest biography has needed to wait for quite some time.

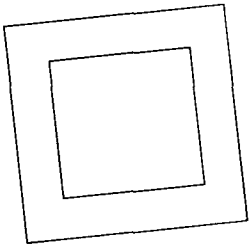
Disraeli
by Robert Blake
(St. Martin's; $12.50)

Now, in Robert Blake's new biography of Disraeli, there is a worthy companion-piece to Sir Philip Magnus' brilliant reappraisal of Gladstone (published in 1954, and now available in paperback). Though the two books are separated by twelve years, they *do* have a certain chronological congruity. Both biographers took on the job of writing just half a century after their respective heroes had been memorialized in commissioned, exhaustive and official biographies, Gladstone in two volumes by John Morley and Disraeli in six by W. F. Monypenny and G. E. Buckle. Since heirs, trustees, and disciples rarely tell the whole truth, there is ample reason for new treatments, and both Magnus and Blake discuss material omitted or suppressed from the official biographies. Accordingly, we learn of Gladstone's lifelong habit of picking up prostitutes to reform them and Disraeli's youthful affairs and curious ménages. (After Disraeli had thrown over Clara Bolton, she became the mistress of Sir Francis Sykes. At the same time Lady Henrietta Sykes became Disraeli's mistress, and the whole crew, including a rather disgruntled Dr. Bolton, trouped down to the Sykes' country place for November, 1833.)

There is some truth in the myth that the second half of the 19th century from the fall of Peel was divided politically between Gladstone and Disraeli. Certainly Palmerston dominated politics until his death in 1865, but he had no worthy adversary. Though during the age of Palmerston Gladstone was to repudiate his party and Disraeli was constantly in danger of being repudiated by his, neither shifting alliances nor ministerial shufflings could overcome or obscure their opposition, which from 1852 on amounted to hate. When the two of them were concerned, Disraeli's cynical formula for changes in government, "Wishy is down, Washy is up" never applied. Almost like stock characters, they dressed, talked and thought in opposition. As Blake reports (from the account of Sir William Fraser):

> "[Gladstone's] torrential flood of words, the convoluted sentences with their parentheses within parentheses, the lofty moral appeals, the quasi-theological arguments, the fierce denunciations, were addressed to an opponent lolling with his legs crossed, his hat tilted forward, and his eyes half closed. When Gladstone . . . became really indignant Disraeli would move round in a westerly direction, put his eyeglasses slowly to his eye, gaze at the clock over the entrance door, and then relax again into simulated sleep. But his attention never relaxed. Once when Gladstone paused as if losing the thread of his argument, Disraeli quickly said across the table as though to help, 'Your last word was "Revolution".'"

Neither Gladstone nor Disraeli was a "respectable Victorian" (a category that is rapidly disappearing) but even their imprudences were antithetical. If Gladstone saw it his mission, despite the whispering, to rescue prostitutes, Disraeli's one significant mission in that field was to rescue young Henry Stanley from "Effie Bond's, the Keeper of the Hell on St. James Street where



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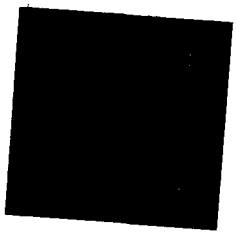

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he had taken up his quarters and to which it was alleged Disraeli had introduced him." The gossip was loud against them both, but Disraeli paid more since Stanley's older brother, who believed the allegation for years, was the future Earl of Derby and Disraeli's future Prime Minister:

> "On 1 September, 1833, Disraeli wrote in his diary: 'I have passed the whole of this year in uninterrupted lounging and pleasure.' On 29 December, 1833, Gladstone wrote in his diary: 'I have now familiarized myself with maxims sanctioning and encouraging a degree of intercourse with society, perhaps attended with much risk'."

In 1845 Gladstone was in Munich debating and reconciling his views on transubstantiation with a learned Catholic theologian. "The conversation," he noted, "was a great comfort to one who views the unity of Christendom as I must do."

In the same year, Disraeli was portraying in his novel *Sybil* the "Christendom" of the proletariat:

> "He described the 'girl with the vacant face' in Wodgate Yard: 'I be a reg'lar born Christian, and my mother afore me, and that's what few girls in the Yard can say. Thomas will take to it himself, when work is slack; and he believes now in Our Lord and Saviour – Pontius Pilate, who was crucified for our sins; and in Moses, Goliath, and the rest of the Apostles'."

And finally, in 1867, they both reached the top:

> "When Disraeli became Prime Minister for the first time, in February of that year, he had responded to congratulations with the jaunty comment: 'Yes! I have climbed to the top of the greasy pole.' The spirit in which Gladstone entered upon his task was confided to his diary '. . . I ascend a steepening path, with a burden ever gathering weight. The Almighty seems to sustain and spare me for some purpose of His own, deeply unworthy

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Robert Buckner, 818 N. Doheny Drive, Los Angeles 69, California
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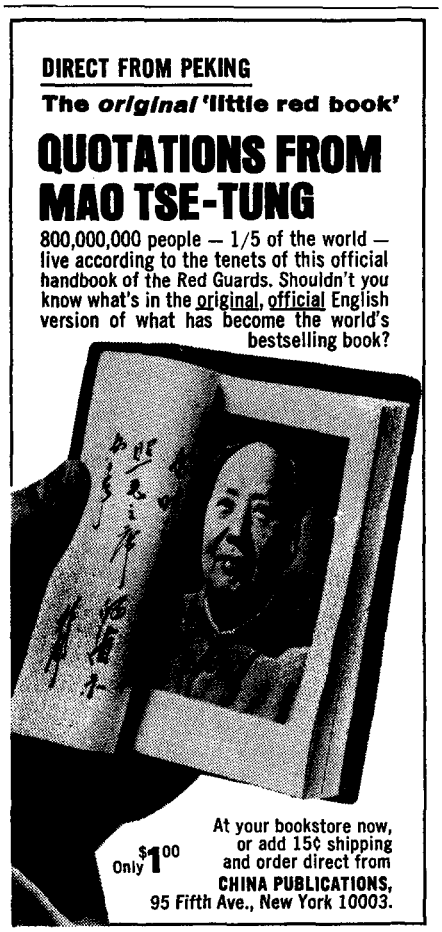
as I know myself to be. Glory be to His name'!"

These last three juxtapositions come directly from Sir Philip Magnus' biography of Gladstone.

Like his "unity of Christendom," everything in Gladstone's mind was forcibly yoked together. Gladstone's writings are all attempts to unify things, or to hold things together: to reconcile the Church and the State, to reconcile Homer and the Bible, to reconcile Genesis and Evolution. When new ideas came, they did not come from outside, but as Gladstone himself put it, arose from deep within, like a "mental earthquake." When Gladstone came to favor the disestablishment of the Irish Church in 1868, and was taxed with his very different position of 1838, he responded as a much greater Victorian writer had done, four years earlier, by an assertion of his "self." Though Gladstone called his answer to the charges *A Chapter of Autobiography* and not an "Apologia," the assumption was the same as Newman's justification: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"It was not logic then that carried me on; as well might one say that the quicksilver in the barometer changes the weather. It is the concrete being that reasons; pass a number of years, and I find my mind in a new place; how? the whole man moves; paper logic is but the record of it.

If, in reading Gladstone, we get the feeling that we need to come up for air, in reading Disraeli we feel lightheaded. One pose succeeds another in a continual whirl: A young-man-on-the-make, a descendent of Spanish-Jewish aristocracy, a Radical, a Tory. Robert Blake has no need to move elsewhere for comparisons; he has all he needs within Disraeli himself. Gorgeously conscious of his role in everything he did, Disraeli wrote to his father from Gibraltar, where he was lionized for his youthful novel *Vivian Grey:*

"At first I apologized and talked of youthful blunders and all that, really being ashamed; but finding them, to my astonishment, sincere, and fearing that they were stupid enough to adopt my last opinion, I shifted my position just in time, looked very grand, and passed myself off for a child of the Sun just like the Spaniard in Peru."

But a few months later, as Blake tells us, he is writing home:

"I wander in pursuit of health like the immortal exile in pursuit of that lost shore which is now almost glittering in my sight. Five years of my life have been already wasted and sometimes I think my pilgrimage may be as long as that of Ulysses."

And Blake asks:

"Was this a genuine relapse of spirit after the excitement of Yanina, or was Disraeli only expressing the feelings which he deemed appropriate to one who voyaged where Ulysses had? It is the enigma and fascination of Disraeli's personality that we can never be sure. Pose and sincerity are inextricably interwoven. What begins as a theatrical gesture becomes a real expression of feeling, and even the sincerest sentiments take on an air of the stage when Disraeli utters them."

Blake seems to me completely right here in both the question he asks and in the degree of importance he attaches to it. It is a virtue of omission in this biography, but a virtue nevertheless, that he does not spend all his time worrying about Disraeli's sincerity. The passage Blake quotes is undeniably odd, both in its tone and in its apparent amalgamation of Ulysses and the Wandering Jew. But as for its sincerity, one might as well ask if Byron was "sincere," since Byron is probably the real wanderer of those lines.

To show how Blake works, there is Disraeli's well-known lack of success when religious questions and clerical promotions were involved. So ill-at-ease was Disraeli that from Balmoral he has to write to his secretary in mock desperation: "Ecclesiastical affairs rage here. Send me Crockford's directory; I must be armed." The usual explanation of Disraeli's deficiency would be that because of his own peculiar religious upbringing and his "queer notions" about religion, he simply did not know enough. And the usual judgment to follow would be, depending on the biographer, either that it was unfortunate, or that it was typical. For Blake the matter is not so simple. First of all, what we who read the predominantly middle-class literature of the period tend to forget is that there was another circle of the elite that was not nurtured on homiletics and the Bible. And this aristocracy and squirearchy, as Blake says,

". . . were not all of them mere fribbles. There were conscientious men devoted to public duty among them, just as there had been in the 18th century, to which tradition so many of them belonged. Then there was another circle, the hard-working, serious-minded, gravely religious, or gravely agnostic upper middle class, often educated at the same schools and universities as the aristocracy, but somehow in atti-

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tude and outlook indefinably different. . . .

Disraeli had nothing in common with this second circle, the one which was perhaps most characteristic and influential in mid-Victorian England and the one that counted most in Church affairs. But he got along excellently with the first."

Besides belonging to another circle, he was himself interested in other issues. With the combination of his aristocratic connections and some experience of being an alien, Disraeli

". . . could feel for the wretchedness of the poor. The contrast between the two nations appealed to his Byronic sense of drama, and he tried, within limits, to do something about it. But he could not feel for the moral anxieties of the prosperous intelligentsia."

In view of this network of forces, Disraeli's difficulties with both church matters and the intellectuals become understandable. So does his famous dismissal of the whole Darwin controversy, an absurdity to both factions and an embarrassment to all his biographers. "My Lord, I am on the side of the Angels," is a gesture perfectly adequate to the importance the crisis had for Disraeli.

Engels called Young Englandism a "satire on all historical development" but recognized that the "good intentions" and "the courage to resist . . . prevalent prejudices . . . is worth something anyhow." Disraeli would not have objected to that judgment – he himself satirizes "Young England" in the same novel in which he projects it.

But there is such a thing as the truth of gesture and there is a good deal of freedom and humanity in Disraeli's gestures. If the Whigs preempted all the ideology, that was hardly an unmixed blessing for England – and no blessing at all for Ireland. Disraeli was certainly the only industrial novelist who was free enough from ideology or "prevalent prejudices" to create the ideal, rural, Robert Owen-ish factory, dwell admiringly on its paternal virtues for pages and then, a chapter or two later, have a working-class girl admit that Mr. Trafford's mill was indeed a fine place, but she had left because it was too dull. It is this freedom from dogma that is his legacy to the Conservative party.

For it was Gladstone's dogmatism that made him, for Disraeli, "the most dangerous statesman in Europe." In 1967 we have a good idea what Disraeli meant about Gladstone who ordered the bombardment of Alexandria and the occupation, without allies, of Egypt, and then declared to Parliament, "We have carried out this war from a love of peace, and, I may say, on the principle of peace."

But can the argument be turned around? If Gladstone hawked dangerous pieties, did not Disraeli promote dangerous nonsense? In 1852, Disraeli published his *Life of Lord George Bentinck*, with its long digression on the Jewish "Race" and its superiority, and as is commonly pointed out, in 1853, Gobineau published his now infamous *Inégalités des Races Humaines*. Disraeli can be accused of being, in modern jargon, a "racist-in-reverse," a polemicist for "Jewish Power." Even more dangerous though than mere racial stereotypes, Disraeli professed, in *Lord George Bentinck*, to believe that international politics was controlled by secret societies and international bankers working behind the scenes. It is here in reading Disraeli and remembering what lies between his time and ours, that one starts to shiver and to believe, as Blake says, that Disraeli had "unknowingly given . . . a formidable weapon to the fanatical enemies of his race."

Can there be any extenuation for such dangerous nonsense? Only this: No matter how tenuous any actual cause-effect may be, it would have been better that remarks of that sort had never been made. Being made, however, Disraeli was probably the best person to have made them. His wild fantastic nonsense about races at least kept the subject in the clouds instead of underground. And who could seriously believe in secret conspiracies of

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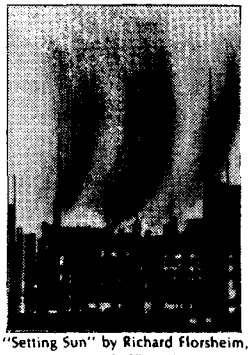

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dangerous men (with the important exception of British popular novelists from Conan Doyle to John Buchan to Ian Fleming) when Disraeli so adroitly and so single-handedly maneuvered in foreign policy. Any such extenuation is admittedly paradoxical and impossible to prove, but if England in the eighty-five years since Disraeli's death has been free from the murderous anti-Semitism of the Continent, perhaps some small amount of credit is due to Disraeli in his vaporings as well as his example, and that (to paraphrase George Orwell on snobbishness) absurdity and nonsense is an influence on behavior whose value from a social point of view has been underrated.

MOVIES

A Shaggy Man Story

Jean Renoir's *Boudu Saved from Drowning* was made in France in 1931 when talkies were new and subtitling had not yet become a standard procedure, and so, like many other films of the early sound period, it was not imported. Some of those talkies waited a few years, some a few decades; others are still waiting – and may go on waiting because of the New York press response to *Boudu*.

Boudou Saved from Drowning
(Pathé-International)

The four New York dailies agreed: to Crowther at the *Times* it is "a second-rate antique"; the *Post* found that it "is easily dismissed"; the *World Journal Tribune* said it should not have been rescued; and the *Daily News* gave it two stars – an event which should have alerted everyone that *Boudu* was a movie of unusual quality, because the *Daily News* plasters almost every Hollywood dud with four stars. They fall harder that way.

One may suspect that many early classics of the screen would be given the same short shrift by the daily reviewers if they opened now – the 1931 *A Nous La Liberté*, for example, or Vigo's *Zero for Conduct* (1932) or *L'Atalante* (1934); Louis Jouvet's performance in the 1933 *Dr. Knock* would probably be patronizingly put down as a curiosity. Fortunately, most of the best work from France plays regularly at revival houses and at colleges and doesn't depend on the daily reviewers to find its audience. Books and magazine articles over three decades, a reference here and there, even affectionate parental memories send new people each year to the Carné-Prèvert *Bizarre, Bizarre* (1937) or Pagnol's adaptation of Jean Giono's *Harvest* (1937), to Renoir's *A Day in the Country* (1936) or *La Grande Illusion* (1937), as well as to revivals of the French films of the forties and fifties.

Other works by Renoir have come late and are taking their rightful place: the great 1939 *The Rules of the Game*, one of the key works in the history of movies, first seen here in a cut version and then restored in the sixties; and, a lesser but still important film, *The Crime of Mr. Lange* (1935), not subtitled for American audiences until the sixties. But with *Boudu*, it's different: it belongs to an earlier era, it gives a different kind of pleasure. The style and rhythm of *Boudu*, that whole way of looking at things, is gone, and so it may be a movie only for those who know and care about that way.

Boudu is a more leisurely film than we are used to now, not that it is long, or slow, but that the camera isn't in a rush, the action isn't overemphatic, shots linger on the screen for an extra split-second – we have time to look at them, to take them in. Renoir is an unobtrusive, unself-conscious storyteller: he doesn't "make points," he doesn't rub our noses in "meaning." He seems to find his story as he tells it; sometimes the improvisation falters, the movie gets a little untidy. He is not a director to force things; he leaves a lot of open spaces. This isn't a failure of dramatic technique: it's an indication of that movie-making sixth sense that separates a director like Renoir from a buttoned-up-tight gentleman-hack like Peter Glenville or a genius-hustler like Sidney Lumet. Glenville suffocates a movie; Lumet keeps giving it charges to bring it to life. *Boudu* is a simple shaggy-man story told in an *open* way, and it is the openness to the beauty of landscape and weather and to the varieties of human folly which is Renoir's artistry. He lets a movie breathe.

Boudu is a tramp saved from suicide by a bookseller who takes him into his home and tries to do for him what decent, generous people *would* try to do – make him over in their own solid-bourgeois image, make him one of them. But *Boudu* is not a lovable tramp like Chaplin nor a Harry Langdon innocent nor a precursor of the artist-in-rebellion tramp like Alec Guinness' Gulley Jimson or Sean Connery's Samson Shillitoe. Boudu, bearded and long-haired like a premature Hell's Angel, is a dropout who just wants to be left alone. And this may help to explain why the movie wasn't imported earlier: he doesn't want romance or a job or a place in society (like the forlorn little hero of *A Nous La Liberté*), he isn't one of the deserving poor. There's no "redeeming" political message in *Boudu* and no fancy Shavian double-talk either.

Boudu is the underside of middle-class life, what's given up for respectability. We agree to be clean and orderly and responsible, but there is something satisfying about his *refusal*. There's a kind of inevitability – like someone acting out our dream – about the way he spills wine on the table, leaves the water running in the sink, wipes his shoes on the bedspread. There's some disorderly malice in him. He's like a bad pet that can't be trained: he makes messes. If Boudu's character were reformed, that would be defeat. The

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bookseller, despite his mistress-maid, is unmanned by the female household – and by being a householder. Boudu is, at least, his own dog.

Michel Simon, who plays Boudu, is better known for his masochistic roles, as, earlier, in Renoir's *La Chienne*, and, later, in Duvivier's *Panique* and *La Fin du jour*. But his Boudu, like his tattooed Père Jules of *L'Atalante*, which Agee described as "a pre-mental old man . . . a 20th-century Caliban," is a misfit loner. The loose walk, the eyes that don't communicate, the Margaret Rutherford jaw and the Charles Laughton sneaky self-satisfaction are not those of a man who rejects society: rejection is built into him, he merely acts it out. This, too, does not make the film easy for audiences: it is so much nicer to respond to a *Georgy Girl*, knowing that a pretty actress is putting us on. One of those four reviewers complained that Michel Simon "misses completely. . . . He is gross where he should be droll. He does wrong all the things that Fernandel later was to do right." That's rather like complaining that Olivier in *The Entertainer* is no Tony Bennett.

Renoir's camera reveals the actors as if they were there naturally or inadvertently – not arranged for a shot but found by the camera on the streets, in the shop, on the banks of the Seine. The camera doesn't overdramatize their presence, it just – rather reticently – picks them up, and occasionally lets them disappear from the frame, to be picked up again at a later point in their lives.

Despite the problems of sound recording in 1931, Renoir went out of the studio, and so *Boudu* provides not only a fresh encounter with the movie past but also a photographic record of an earlier France, which moved in a different rhythm, and because of the photographic equipment and style of the period, in a softly different light. The shop fronts look like Atget; the houses might have modeled for Bonnard. It is a nostalgic work, not in the deliberate embarrassing way we have become inured to, but in spite of itself – through the accidents of distribution. And because Renoir is free of the public-courting sentimentality of most movie directors, our nostalgia is – well – clean.

Pauline Kael

MUSIC

Dial it Yourself

Some young people who call themselves the Composers' Group for International Performance have recently given concerts in New York and Washington. The program I attended, which represented the works of 13 composers between the ages of 24 and 37, was divided equally between pieces for conventional instruments and pieces using electronic sounds. The more conventional works were so imbued with the spirit of the late Anton von Webern as to be lost in a uniform blur. A few notes, some delicate isolated points of sound, an occasional crash or a torrential cascade of intervals, rhythmically diffuse, concentrated, and all over in a few seconds. On the other hand, the electronic studies frequently touched on some stylistic individuality. In this instance, like-minded people were pitting one kind of atonality against another.

The word "atonality" was coined before I was born, and has been encrusted with barnacles for more than thirty years. Originally the term was pejorative, so much so that in a much-quoted interview printed in 1934 Alban Berg (one of the original "atonalists") claimed that only philistines could find atonality in his music, and were confused by the "changing tonality" that was really there. Schoenberg himself was of two minds about the term. And more recently, Stravinsky pointed out that his present style is "antitonal" rather than "atonal," since, in the process of using ordinary notes, one is bound to hit on sounds that have a conventional relationship to the traditional music of Europe.

Stravinsky is right – and not only in point of tonality. Everything that touches on conventional instruments will, in turn, touch on conventional notions of sonority, melodic line, rhythm and form. Webern's assault on these elements was hampered from the beginning by his reliance on the instruments at his disposal.

Electronic music offers the advantage – to anybody who wants it – of chucking out the whole works. The potentialities are limited only by the imaginations of the composers who wish to use them. There is an electronic music of the extreme right, provided by the Hammond Organ and by programming devices which can turn out minuets in the style of Haydn. And there is an electronic music of the extreme left, such as that of John Cage, in which so much is left to chance that neither taste nor expression is part of the show.

However, most composers who work with electronics are concerned with the medium as a means of expression. It is this middle-ground of electronic composers who are the heirs of the Viennese atonalists.

What they do is to put sounds on magnetic tape. In the beginning, these were sounds that could be recorded from life: a plane landing, a streetcar going around a curve. By re-recording these sounds at different speeds, putting them through filters and what not, it was possible to create sonorities different from those heard in the real world. Thus, in his *Poème electronique*, Edgard Varèse recorded the sounds of

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two hands being rubbed together. By amplification, Varèse was able to get raw materials for development by acceleration and retardation which supplied him with a tonal palette of considerable variety which he then incorporated into the work. In old-fashioned *Musique concrete* (composed in, say, 1952), the sounds are almost never those of real life. If you record the sound of an electric fan, then re-record it by running a tape through backwards at double speed with the fundamental sounds removed, what emerges is not something that sounds like an electric fan.

More recently, RCA has developed a sound-synthesizer which is available at a few universities. With this device, it is possible to make up sounds as you go. A perfect example of synthetic sound is the squawk that comes out of a telephone when you dial a non-existent number. However, the variety is limitless. A rich variety of percussive effects can be produced, and tinselly pinpoints in the highest registers. Rude noises and sounds of the most seductive sweetness can be produced by the same machine. The technique, fortunately, is so complicated that the listener need concern himself only with the end result.

The big question today is what to do with electronic works once they have been composed. Mood aside, they have nothing whatever to do with the public concert as we know it. Who wants to put on his best clothes and go to an 8:30 performance by a couple of loudspeakers? At the Group concert I heard, there was some applause at the end of the taped works, but only enough to conceal the audience's embarrassment.

A solution is to introduce real people into the show – as narrators, or pianists, or whatever. But this results in an outrageously bastardized act.

Another way is to bring humanity in through the tape itself, as Karlheinz Stockhausen has done in the (now classic) *Gesang der Jünglinge* and Luciano Berio in *Visage*, where the human voice is central to the development of form. But, these works belong in the home, not in the concert hall. They, and others like them, demand diffusion by radio and by phonograph records.

One large trouble is that sustained work in electronics requires equipment so expensive that few can afford to own it privately. Thus a large chunk of the avant-garde is tied to rich institutions such as the Columbia-Princeton Center for Electronic Music and Radio Cologne. It's not inconceivable that some Mozart of the future is hanging around the Columbia campus waiting for his 4 a.m. crack at the electronic synthesizer. If this were the case, it would be one of the superb ironies of Western civilization that the radical movement had been cornered by Academe.

As it stands, the best electronic composers convey the mood of the damned. It is traditional that this mood is particularly suited to atonal styles, though 30 years ago many preferred to hear nothing in the music rather than to get the expressive message that is in fact there.

In electronic music, this characteristic can bear in with excruciating intensity. Pulseless, formless sonorities piled on top of each other, as in Berio's *Visage*, can bring on a more severe attack of existential nausea than the most shattering pages of Mahler (as in *Das Lied von der Erde*) or Schoenberg (as in *Pierrot Lunaire*). More often, however, the stuff is simply boring – a toying around with sound effects behind a mask of High Seriousness. There is no reason that this should not be true, because, throughout its history, Western music has been a matter of a few principal figures standing out against a kind of faceless cheering section.

Electronic composers are in a particularly bad spot because they have arrived at a time when the musical avant-garde is so fragmented as to supply no kind of supportive standard. All judgments, including the composer's own, are completely subjective. Not only

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

James F. Goldberg *teaches English at Columbia.* Pauline Kael *has just delivered the manuscript of a new book to her publisher.*

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some of the followers, but even some of the leaders, are people who have never shown a conspicuous talent for musical composition.

Is there a chance that electronic music might take the place of music performed by real people? Paul Hindemith was so fanatical on this subject that he considered the existence of the phonograph to be a threat to the Western musical tradition. And, of course, there are composers who would like to see the old tradition destroyed.

A calmer view is that magnetic tape is simply another musical resource, one which can be trained to coexist peacefully with the other resources. In view of the growing pains the medium is undergoing, it is surprising that it has even two or three effective pieces to its credit.

Robert Evett

Recommended Recordings
Varèse: *Poème electronique*
(Columbia MS-6146)
Stockhausen: *Gesang der Jünglinge* and *Kontakte*
(Deutsche Grammophon 138811)
Berio: *Visage* (with works by Cage and Mimaroglu)
(Turnabout TV4046 and TV3046S)

Correspondence

It's Official

Sirs:

The editorial comment on the President's poverty message ("It's Official," March 25) is just too much. . . . By crudely lifting out of context a few words in the President's message, *The New Republic* claims that the poverty programs have now been turned over to city hall. The fact is that the President was merely reiterating what has always been the concept and the goal of community action: the involvement of the poor themselves, the involvement of the private sector (labor, business, education, social agencies, etc.), *and* the involvement of local government. The only *compulsory* involvement, incidentally, is that of the poor, who *must* constitute at least one-third of the governing board. There are mayors who will probably continue to prefer to stay out.

The President's message states that "community action agencies should devote their energies to self-help measures and new initiatives that will advance their communities in the war against poverty." In the development and implementation of such measures and initiatives, over 90 thousand poor people in over 1,000 community action agencies have found a voice, a role, a power they never dreamed of achieving only three years ago. They serve on CAP governing boards, on advisory councils, and in staff positions. They do not all perform brilliantly or effectively. But neither do the nonpoor. The point is that for the first time now the poor have the opportunity to perform. The editorial asserts that OEO's banning of "partisan, political activity" means the end of "maximum participation of the poor." This is strange reasoning indeed. In fact, the ban adds to the assurance that a community action agency will not be controlled by a local "political machine," thus advancing meaningful participation by the poor. The ban does not prevent effective action by poverty groups to obtain rights and services to which the people are entitled.

The New Republic may think we have capitulated to the city halls. But only last week Blue Carstenson of the National Farmers' Union complained that "OEO staff has been too busy working on the overthrow of the power structure, the establishment of community action agencies. . . ." The fact is that neither *The New Republic* nor Carstenson is right. We have done what we can, admittedly with uneven results, to give poor people and nonpoor people a new vehicle and new resources which might effect social changes needed to get at the root causes of poverty.

These changes may not look like the social revolution *The New Republic* dreams about, but thousands of institutions have already felt the impact of OEO programs. And millions of poor Americans have started to feel the impact of the programs on their lives and their children's lives.

Hyman Bookbinder
Assistant Director
Office of Economic Opportunity

On Iniquity

Sirs:

Honor Tracy's stupid and ignorant review of *On Iniquity* by Pamela Hansford Johnson (March 25), cannot come as a surprise to Miss Johnson or any other writer dealing with the crisis of our culture at its deeper levels. Indeed, Miss Johnson has already dealt, too kindly, with responses such as this – responses at once superficial and symptomatic of the crisis as it has developed among the educated classes in modern western societies. Miss Johnson writes (page 41): "There are very few intellectuals . . . who will now lend themselves to serious discussion as to whether, by mass communications of all kinds, we in the

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west are not poisoning [the] air, whether it may be due to its infection that some children die. In fact, any attempt to get them to discuss the subject responsibly and without exaggeration often drives them into a strange state of hysteria, of the curious kind of unreason one sometimes meets in religious controversy, or of total silence." As a sociologist, I conclude that the review by Honor Tracy exhibits an hysterical rather than informed response to problems raised by Miss Johnson.

Philip Rieff
University of Pennsylvania

I was amused to learn from Honor Tracy's review of Pamela Hansford Johnson's *On Iniquity* that English prudery has given so little ground since the 19th century. Miss Johnson's condemnation of *Lady Chatterly's Lover* for debasing the rhetoric of Earl's Court Road is only a step removed from M. O. W. Oliphant's attack on *Jude the Obscure* more than 75 years ago. Writing in *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* Mrs. Oliphant, a popular Victorian novelist, accused Hardy and his less gifted kind of corrupting her environment. "The conversation of the drawing-room is already most sensibly affected. Things are discussed freely and easily which it would a few years ago have been a shame to mention or to think of." Clearly, as long as there are Oliphants and Johnsons to put pen to paper no one need fear that polite society will go unrepresented nor license unrestrained.

William L. O'Neill
University of Wisconsin

Patriots on the Campus

Sirs:

James Ridgeway's article on "Patriots on the Campus" (March 25) hit very close to home for me, particularly in the matter of dossiers kept on students by university administrators. My first knowledge of any form of this practice came when I was a sophomore at the University of Kansas in 1963. The Student Peace Union, intending to hold a demonstration, duly notified the Dean of Students. He argued at length that the proposed demonstration (unprecedented at Kansas) should be called off, and when we would not do so, he pulled an extensive report from his files. The FBI, with the apparent cooperation of the University, had compiled a report about the SPU, a report which contained quite a large amount of information about what was, until that time, a relatively noncontroversial organization.

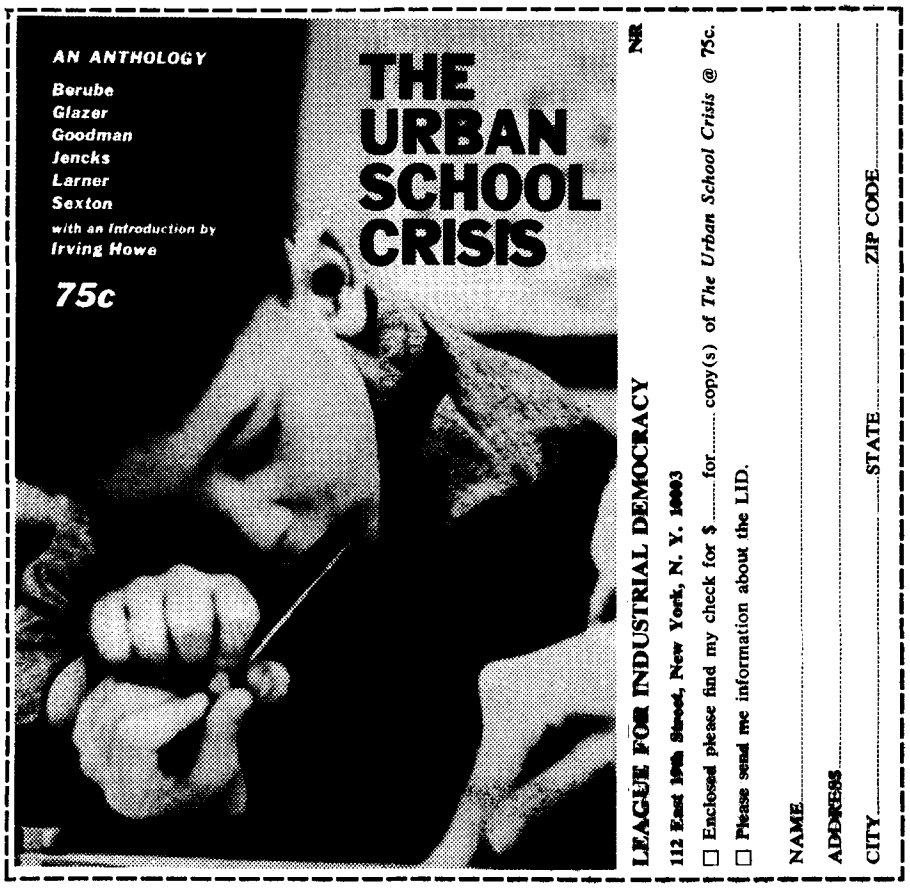
The matter rested for a time, but during the 1965-66 school year it arose again with the public disclosure that the University kept extensive dossiers on all undergraduate students. These dossiers contained reports of behavior from dormitory counselors, along with routine academic and social records; they also contained records of public demonstrations in which the individual student participated. The students demanded an end to this spying; the University finally agreed that each student could, upon graduation, have his dossier "interpreted" to him by a person in the appropriate dean's office, and if the student wished, the dossier would then be destroyed. No one knows, of course, whether or not this destruction ever takes place when requested; and it is fully known that the FBI has full access to University records of all sorts, as was shown to us in the case mentioned above.

Tim Miller
Medford, Mass.

The Johnson-Ho Letters

Sirs:

Public comment on the Johnson-Ho Chi Minh letters has, for the most part, missed the crucial point. The President is being given credit for initiating a direct exchange with the North Vietnamese leader and for adopting a reasonable tone. In fact, the letters confirm the worst suspicions of those who have maintained that the Administration has no interest in a negotiated settlement – that is, in a compromise. However restrained the rhetoric of the Johnson letter, its *substance* would appear to substantiate



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Ho's charge that American "peace offers" have been spurious; no doubt that is why the letters were released. The main reason for the United States bombing of the North is precisely to force an end to Hanoi's support of the NLF; what sort of "offer" is it to announce a willingness to end that bombing if the North will indeed end its activities in the South? Nor does the offer to freeze the American build-up amount to very much, as that build-up is reported to be already all but completed. Small wonder Ho reacted so bitterly – were he to accept such terms, the main barrier to a total American military victory would be removed. Even should negotiations subsequently take place, the NLF would be deprived of its outside support and therefore of one of its main bargaining counters. In the absence of a ceasefire – significantly not suggested in the Johnson letter – it is the United States that would then gain by prolonging the negotiating process and holding out for its maximum objectives, or at least so a government bemused by its destructive capabilities might assume.

Jerome Slater
Buffalo, N. Y.

Kauffmann, *from page 22*

> maining a holy nobody. I believe he's going to make something extraordinary out of being a swami, something peculiarly his own. . . . Perhaps Olly, by virtue of his foreignness, plus of course his Hinduism and monastic status, will gradually evolve into one of those terrifyingly uncorrupt politico-religious leaders who appear from time to time to be adored by millions, dominate international conferences and finally checkmate the opposition by getting themselves assassinated!"

This, of course, is Isherwood's little joke. But at whom is he laughing? The first answer seems to be that he is laughing at Patrick's obtuse worldliness – his failure quite to understand the genuine selflessness of Oliver's action.

Then a further, deeper possibility appears. Isherwood seems also to be laughing at Oliver, so *much* of a believer that he fails to understand about the things that are Caesar's. The appealing contradiction seems to be that Isherwood, convinced of Hindu truths, recognizes that the world has others in it; that definitions and values rarely interpenetrate between man and man; that mostly we bombard each other like battleships out of range, taking our satisfaction from the boom rather than the effect – not even really *expecting* effect. (A fair definition of liberalism, by the way.) The meeting by the river has not altered either brother in the slightest; yet each believes that, though he is unchanged, the other's destiny is going to be altered.

Then a third possibility appears. It entails the author's life, but Isherwood's fiction is as close to autobiography as any of our time.

The May 1946 issue of *Theatre Arts* contains an article by Berthold Viertel (now dead), the Austrian film and theatre director who, by Isherwood's admission, was the model for Friedrich Bergmann, the director in Isherwood's *Prater Violet*. Writing about this short novel, Viertel says:

> "Christopher Isherwood, as well as Dr. Bergmann, reach the crossroads in *Prater Violet*. . . . Isherwood indicts Bergmann because of his alleged resolution to remain in his profession, to continue in the making of motion pictures: he sentences him to a career in Hollywood. . . . Isherwood had to readjust himself, to fight greed and hatred within himself, seeking refuge in religion."

Viertel says that, for his part, "the man behind the story-character Bergmann" had sought a different avenue, had tried to work in theatre and film as a part of European reconstruction. He adds:

> "But even if he had known this was only a wish-dream, he would not have followed Isherwood to seclusion, and *Prater Violet* would prove to him that Isherwood himself was not destined to remain in a monastery, that he was not able to lose his secular self. . . ."

This latest novel seems to bear out

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By JEROME AGEL

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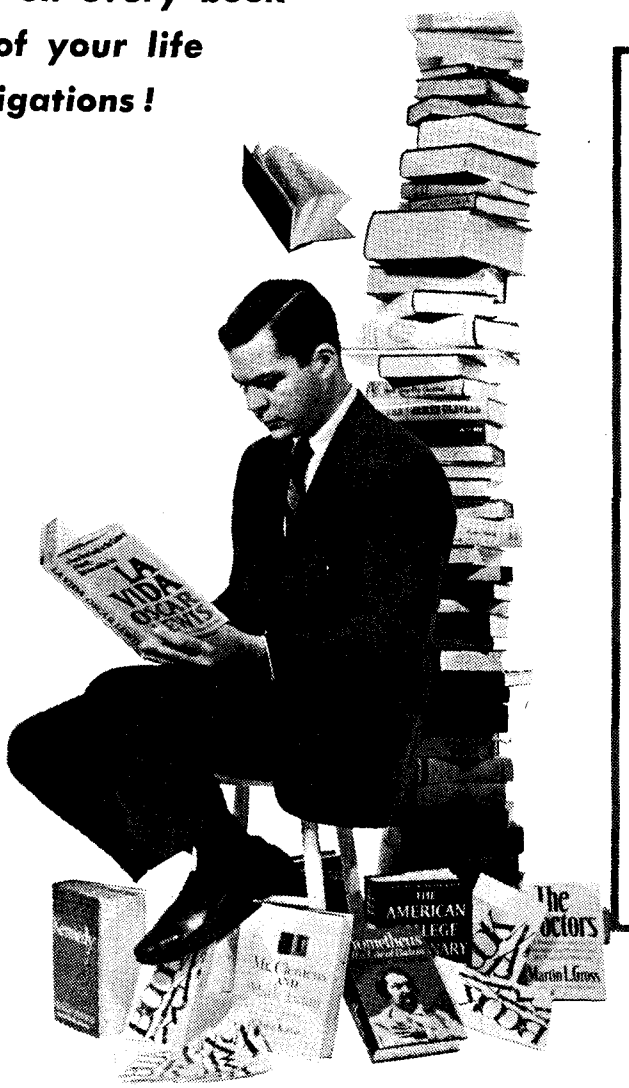

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